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The Renaissance of American History

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It is a privilege to be here with you this evening. My pleasure, I might say, is the greater because I realize that I am by no means the first article of exchange between Jerseymen and Virginians. Our traffic, in fact, has been so lively that it sometimes amounted to a kind of lend-lease.

I know you are familiar with the procession of eminent Virginians which came to Princeton—the College of New Jersey—for schooling. They ranged from James Madison to Woodrow Wilson, and you gave them such a high New Jersey polish as to make them world-famous, so that you were unable to resist the temptation to abduct one or two as your own.

Then, of course, a connection I am not likely to overlook is that of Johann Peter Rockefeller, founder of the American branch of his family, who settled in your state.

And I know you will especially understand my not overlooking another important link between New Jersey and Virginia—

The address here printed was delivered on the occasion of the fourth New Jersey Dinner of the New Jersey Historical Society at Princeton, May 25, 1960. Mr. Humelsine is well known to most readers of this magazine as President of Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Virginia.

Mr. Kenneth Chorley. He was my predecessor as President of Colonial Williamsburg and I still think of him as the boss. And what a fine boss he's been.

Mr. Chorley, as you know, had most intimate associations with the late Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. for more than 37 years. The scope of their association was personal, national and international and ranged over scores of great projects, from the Redwoods National Forest and the Great Smokies to Versailles and Near East relief. I know, however, that the association of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Chorley was never so close as when they were saving the 18th-century capital of Virginia.

You have done me a great honor in asking me to talk to you this evening. Naturally, my mind turned to what I might say to such a distinguished gathering. Your tercentenary celebration planned for a few years ahead has already drawn our attention in Virginia, and no one will watch with greater interest your preparations. As I thought of this, I recalled the fascinating train of historical reminiscence of Dr. Walter Muir Whitehill of the Boston Athenaeum before the Virginia Historical Society earlier this month. This delightful address from which I have so unblushingly mined nuggets in your behalf was called "Cerebration versus Celebration."

I agree heartily with Dr. Whitehill that those of us with a serious interest in our historical heritage must "band together to laugh at the commercial perversions of history," as he put it.

You will recall, perhaps, the trying experience of Massachusetts in 1921, on the tercentenary of the arrival of the Pilgrims. The celebration was postponed one year in order to drum up a crowd, and at the climactic moment the Presidential yacht Mayflower bearing Warren G. Harding steamed into sight, escorted by four battleships belching smoke. What a far cry that was from the stark scene of the arrival of that one tiny ship from which a hundred starving Pilgrims scrambled to shore, and knelt to pray for their deliverance.

But even Massachusetts' handling of this event was a model of dignity compared to some exhibitions we have staged in Old Virginia. We were not only the first celebrants of an American

tercentenary, but a study of our early history permits us to claim the championship of the world at fumbling such events.

As an example of our homemade brand of chaos there was May 13, 1857, when President John Tyler delivered his marathon speech. The very date started a fight. The Jamestown Society wanted to use the Old Style calendar, and the Virginia Historical Society wanted the Gregorian calendar. The Old Style triumphed, and on the big day, crowds descended.

A great field had been cleared for the occasion on Jamestown Island. Some critics said this was more than a mile from the original Jamestown site, but that seemed to matter little, for the souvenir hunters did not lose their way. Most of them had been up all night on steamers anchored in the James River, carousing and singing at champagne parties and listening to band music.

About noon of May 13 they fell to work with a will. Some of the celebrants broke off corners from gravestones in the ancient churchyard, and a guard had to be placed in the ruined tower to shoo them away. Others dug bricks from the old foundations, and some staggered back to the boats under burdens of brick and stone. One patriot who had hidden a brick in his hat toppled from a small boat into the James River, and had to be rescued.

The field was dotted with tents, and in one of the larger ones gambling games of every description went on full blast—evidently even while President Tyler spoke—or perhaps especially then. Champagne was plentiful all day, and the girls so pretty that young men wished they could celebrate the 250th anniversary of English settlement the year around. It was quite a day. It probably set back the cause of historic celebrations fifty years.

However, the passage of the next half century improved things but little. The Jamestown commemoration of 1907 began with the best of intentions, but was soon out of hand. A commercial group tried to promote this affair, and only after months of agonizing effort scraped up about two million dollars from twenty-two states and the Federal Government—Uncle Sam being a reluctant, last-minute convert.

Bills went unpaid, and whole train loads of equipment were refused for shipment by the railroads for non-payment of freight

invoices. History generally took a back seat, and the buildings which did open on time were filled with commercial displays. Only in August, when the celebration was half over, did the Historical Arts building finally open.

Almost three million people trooped through, but half of them were freeloaders, and the company went into receivership at the end of the year, almost two-and-a-half million dollars in debt.

But out of these fiascos came some good. Virginians, moved by something like the precept we follow at Colonial Williamsburg—"That the future may learn from the past"—carried on a better research effort before embarking on the 350th anniversary celebration.

As a result, we reaped much more substantial gains than the puffs and jokes of early carnival days. For example, the bright season of 1957—headlined by the visit of Queen Elizabeth II, which still casts a glow about Jamestown Island—left behind a complex of worthwhile museums and a host of other solid accomplishments of varied sorts.

There was the completion of a national parkway along the shores of the beautiful York and James Rivers linking Yorktown, Williamsburg and Jamestown. I believe this to be one of the most scenic drives in America—every foot of it lying on soil literally drenched with American history.

No less important is the Virginia Colonial Records Survey, making available to American scholars the once-scattered treasures of British archives—and I could also mention a series of publications by distinguished scholars relating to our early history. These were compiled under the capable direction of Dr. E. G. Swem, the librarian emeritus of the College of William and Mary.

In short, while 1957 admittedly had its moments when it was more celebration than celeration, it was an outstanding success.

I've probably said all I should about anniversary celebrations, but I do want you to know that we in Virginia stand ready to assist you in any way we can with your tercentenary effort. And I hope you won't be frightened by these authentic tales of some of our earlier celebrations.

Of course, it takes but a glance at the list of the illustrious members of your commission, led by our good friend, the distinguished historian, Dr. Richard McCormick, for me to realize that you will need little advice from any one. Under this leadership you are most certainly going to handle your 300-year celebration in a substantial and successful way. You may not be aware of it, but Dick has been helping us for many years with our various educational efforts in Colonial Williamsburg.

And if you're beginning to wonder about my credentials as a commentator on matters Jerseyian—if that's the proper terminology—let me cite some brief precedents.

The Virginia-Jersey connection is close and long-lived. Perhaps some of you haven't read this estimate of our respective characters by an early analyst, John Davis, a British traveller who visited America around the year 1800. This is the way he describes us:

"The New Jersey Man puts his hand to the plough . . . The Virginian only inspects the work of his farm . . . The New Jersey Man lives with the strictest economy, and very seldom visits or receives visits . . . The Virginian exceeds his income, loves to go abroad, and welcomes his guests with the smiles of hospitality . . . The New Jersey Man turns every horse out to labour, and walks whither he has to go on business . . . the Virginian thinking it degrading to be seen on foot, has always his riding nag saddled and fastened to the fence . . . The New Jersey Man is distinguished by his provincial dialect, and seldom enlarges his mind, or transfers his attention to others . . . The Virginian is remarkable for his colloquial happiness, loses no opportunity of knowledge, and delights to show his wit at the expense of his neighbor."

Comparisons are still being made 150 years later, as witness a modern debate which erupted on the editorial page of a Richmond newspaper only last month. A New Jersey visitor had read an editorial which waxed poetic about the glories of the Virginia spring, and compared these to the landscape of industrial Newark, as seen from a train window. Your compatriot was understandably nettled, and he replied in kind. He got into good defensive position quickly, it seemed to me.

"New Jersey," he wrote, "has no state income tax, no sales tax, no personal property taxes on cars, boats, or household goods; in fact, if one does not smoke, drink, play the races or die, there are no state taxes whatsoever in New Jersey."

Now, we're all envious in Virginia, and if it takes this system to keep you coming to Williamsburg, we're all for it. We're downright sentimental about the sight of those hundreds of New Jersey license plates in our town—to us they are a harbinger of spring more welcome even than the robin.

Despite this letter to the editor, times have changed since Brother John Davis was moved to comment on New Jersey and Virginia.

For example, you would be mighty hard put to describe Governor Meyner as a provincial man—especially these days, when almost every one can see his shadow lying across the country, coast-to-coast.

As for the relative frivolity of Virginians, certainly things have changed in our State, too. I believe it is fair to say that the financial policies of Senator Harry Flood Byrd indicate a change in our formerly loose habits of living.

Now I would like to say a few words to you about what is uppermost in my thoughts tonight. At the risk of having it sound like just another platitude, I'd like to discuss, for a few moments, the much-abused phrase, *our American heritage*. That heritage, of course, is precious and indispensable, and what we're doing about it in Williamsburg and you are doing about it in New Jersey seems to me a significant phase of a truly important national effort.

As you know, we recently suffered the grievous loss of our friend and benefactor, and now, more than ever, Mr. Rockefeller's example is much in our minds. I would like to read these words of his:

"The restoration of Williamsburg . . . offered an opportunity to restore a complete area and free it entirely from alien and inharmonious surroundings, as well as to preserve the beauty and charm of the old buildings and gardens of the city and its historic significance. Thus, it made a unique and irresistible appeal. As the work has progressed, I have come to feel that perhaps an

even greater value is the lesson that it teaches of patriotism, high purpose, and unselfish devotion of our forefathers to the common good."

Obviously, these are not casually spoken words. They came from the man of whom *Time* Magazine could say:

"He left the world a legacy that dwarfed the Pyramids . . . Colonial Williamsburg rose from the American past, and Rockefeller Center pointed to the American future."

I believe it is widely known that Mr. Rockefeller gave funds totaling nearly 70 million to the work of restoring Colonial Williamsburg. What is not nearly so well known, and what is much more important, is the extent to which he gave of himself to this effort for nearly 35 years.

He literally went through the old town with a tape measure, fixing details in his mind. He tramped the woods and fields with landscape architects, and never failed to amaze them with his knowledge and judgment. He took note of such tiny things as the proximity of young trees, which he thought might ruin a garden scene in later years. He trained himself to read blueprints with real facility. He focused his attention on thousands of details —shingles and weatherboarding and chimney lines, brick-paved walks and picket fences. His example set the course of the Restoration at the highest level.

But important as the marshaling of the details of the Restoration were and are, the real importance as Mr. Rockefeller saw it was in reaching for the essence of our heritage, interpreting it and giving it meaning in modern life. The dynamic ideas behind our free institutions, if you will. It seems clear to me that the revelation of these ideas must be the end product of all our programs.

This has been brought home to me personally, and not alone in Williamsburg, for there is now an awakening interest in heritage around the world. Last summer, on a trip abroad, I saw it in the assembling of native folk villages in the Scandinavian countries, in the throngs at the Soviet historical exhibits in Leningrad, and in the museums in the Kremlin. However, what impressed me most of all was Warsaw in Poland.

I went to the heart of the old city of Warsaw, which had been lost in the rubble of the city by World War II. You will recall the vow of the Germans to wipe this city from the face of the earth. For a while it looked as if they had succeeded, for at the end of the war there were only ruins for two-and-a-half miles along the Vistula River.

Some experts advised the abandonment of Warsaw, but then something happened. A kind of folk rebellion took place. Refugees swarmed back, though many were forced to live in cellars amid the rubble. Builders and artisans re-created their *Stare Miasto,* the center of the old city, stone for stone, color for color, mural for mural—down to the very Renaissance figures which had for so long depicted Polish history.

The guide who showed me the result of this magnificent effort was a Pole who had fought with the Royal Air Force, and when I asked in amazement why this restoration had taken precedence over the desperate housing needs of Poland, he said:

"The Germans tried to wipe out our cities, our people, our nation, and our cultural heritage. We wanted first of all to put back the roots of our beginning as a nation. We felt that our heritage was lost to us until our Old Town lived again."

We often glimpse something akin to that spirit in our visitors at Williamsburg, though in less dramatic form. And I know this kind of thing happens at historic sites everywhere. For example, I recently had a letter from Chief Judge J. E. Murdock of the United States Tax Court, who had visited Williamsburg and was impressed with the interpretation made by our people. The Judge said that he thought all young Americans should see these things, and it was the "most inspiring and patriotic" place he had visited. He ended by saying: "Any young person who would fail to profit by it would be poor stuff indeed."

Or there is one like this from a Canadian visitor: "The part of your work which will have the most far-reaching effects is your conscious effort to nurture and keep vigorous the idea of democracy and the dignity of man. We are going back to Canada better and happier because we came to Williamsburg, and because you have immeasurably strengthened something we have always

known—that we, as peoples, are truly one in our common origin, what we represent and what we believe in."

Beyond that, there is an international impact. Not long ago a group of agricultural experts from the South American country of Colombia toured our public buildings, and when they came out of the Capitol, one of them turned in surprise and said, "It never occurred to me what a long experience you have had in self-government—all the way back to 1619. In my country, we can trace it back to the 1820's, and that seems long ago. You have had two centuries more experience than we."

I'm sure the gentleman from Latin America went home with a new image of the United States in his mind.

But perhaps all that we are doing is not enough. I am sometimes jogged with that realization. One night lately, for example, two of our State Department's top Russian experts, Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson and Counselor Charles E. Bohlen, were in Williamsburg. We took them on a tour of the Capitol, and as we came from that building Mr. Bohlen stopped me on a moonlit path, obviously moved by the experience he had just shared with his family.

"You're not doing enough here," he told me. "You know, I can get a feel of America in this place that I've gotten nowhere else. More foreign leaders ought to visit here. I can think of no better way of promoting international understanding of our background."

This is the heart of the matter I am trying to bring before you. Is there some way all of us, in New Jersey, Virginia and America at large, can do more to make clear our national background and purpose, by historical preservations? I know we are making progress, and that we are a legitimate part of the cultural and artistic explosion in the country today. This is evident in the more than 1500 historic houses and villages on display. Last year more than 60 million Americans visited our historic shrines—an attendance so far exceeding that of organized baseball that I suggest this might be our *new* national pastime.

Doesn't this make the moment ripe for our greatest efforts, including your 300th anniversary observance, since we have the

interested audience of many millions? And let's not imagine that it will be easy. In these times of crashing U-2's and crumbling summit conferences, many of us are hard-pressed to express just what the American aim is and should be. President Eisenhower touched on this important point in a press conference in 1957. He recalled a three-hour talk he once had with his war-time comrade-in-arms, Marshal Zhukov, and even the President had his troubles, for these two military leaders of the two great opposing world systems were talking about the relative value of Communism and Democracy. They tried to explain to each other what their form of government meant to the individual. Mr. Eisenhower said this revealing thing:

"And I was very hard put to it when he insisted that their system appealed to the idealistic, and we completely to the materialistic. And I had a very tough time trying to defend our position because he said: 'You tell a person he can do as he pleases, he can act as he pleases, he can do anything. Everything that is selfish in man you appeal to, and we tell him he must sacrifice for the State. We have a very hard program to sell.' "

Not only is the Soviet program hard to sell, as Zhukov put it —so is our own. And the way it must be sold, in our case, is in terms of the worth of the individual. We must show the things we so often forget or overlook—that our heritage running back to the time of the Revolution lifts man high above government, and makes government his creature. What we must tell the world today, in the strongest terms we can find, is that our historic heritage is the one under which free men still live, and that as between conflicting choices offered to the so-called uncommitted peoples today, there is really no choice.

Princeton's Dr. Julian Boyd summed up the part historic preservation can play in this, I think, in these perceptive words:

"Our historic shrines, our parks, our restorations, our pageants, and our monuments constitute a vast textbook across the land, wherein millions of people may deepen their experience, renew their acquaintance with the roots of their institutions, and occasionally encounter those rare moments of understanding and insight that regenerate our strength."

The Lawrenceville School
1810 - 1960

GERRISH THURBER

On the tenth of June, 1807, a young man of twenty-three named Isaac Van Arsdale Brown was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church in the Hunterdon County village of Maidenhead. Lying amid rich farmland halfway along the stage road between Princeton and Trenton, Maidenhead was more than a century old and, by virtue of its situation, had been touched by certain events in the mainstream of history beyond the experience of most small villages. The road itself had long been a link in the main route from New York to Philadelphia. Braddock's defeated army had marched through Maidenhead, and scarcely a generation had passed since, in the crucial campaigns of 1776-1777, the village had found itself in a kind of no-man's-land between the British and Continental forces. But it had remained a quiet wayside hamlet, its only public places the tavern and the church—there was no store when Isaac Brown came—and its Presbyterian folk must have taken pride in the fact that, although he was their seventh pastor, he was the first on full time.

Of Huguenot lineage, Brown was born in Pluckemin, Somerset County, and had been graduated from the College of New Jersey at Princeton in 1802. He had contemplated a career in medicine, served as a tutor in the College, and eventually turned to the study of theology under Dr. John Woodhull of Freehold. His ordination by the New Brunswick Presbytery took place

THE WRITER of the accompanying article is Librarian of the Lawrenceville School, which this year is celebrating its 150th anniversary.

shortly before he arrived in Maidenhead, to serve a congregation of some fifty members at a salary of $600 a year, much of which, it is said, was paid in kind.

One of the first acts of the new pastor was to see to it that regular church records were started. On the title page of the session book he wrote: "Let all things be done decently and in order." It is not unlikely that this methodical cast of thought partly explained his interest in another idea which took shape during his first year as pastor,—the establishing of a school. Moreover, his elders had sons to be educated, and he had need to supplement his livelihood. The outcome was the incorporation, in 1808, of "The Trustees of the Union School," a group of seven including Brown, who purchased for twenty-five dollars the land on which the present Hamill House stands. Two years passed, however, before Isaac Brown actually commenced instruction. We hear no further of the "Union School" but of the "Academy of Maidenhead," whose first pupils gathered in 1810 in the pastor's own home. This was presumably the house last occupied by the late George S. White '71, and since torn down. Nine boys constituted this first class, among whom was a lad of ten named John Cleve Green, son of Caleb Smith Green of "Cherry Grove" farm (*Plate* 1) a mile up the road. The earliest known advertisement of the school appeared in the Trenton newspapers in 1812:

Academy of Maidenhead
New-Jersey

The Public are informed that this Seminary is under the immediate government and instruction of the Rev. *Isaac V. Brown,* who was some time Tutor of the College at Princeton, who is experienced in the management of youth, and who engages carefully to conduct the education and to guard the morals of all who may be committed to his care.

This Academy is situated on the old Stage Road thro' New-Jersey, at an equal distance from Trenton and Princeton, and in a part of the country which is remarkably pleasant and healthy.

Mr. Brown has already commenced and proposes to continue the business of boarding and lodging youth from a distance in his own family. The branches of literature taught, and the terms of tuition, are such as

are usual in grammar schools. The price of boarding from 80 to 100 dollars a year.

Philip Hendrickson
Caleb Shreve
John Phillips
George Brearley — Trustees
Richard M. Green
Charles D. Green

March 12, 1812

There is no further mention of these or any other trustees, and actual conduct of the school was as Isaac Brown's proprietary venture. His success was attested to by the construction in 1814 of the original portion of the present Hamill House on the land previously acquired, the stone being quarried from Cherry Grove farm. Soon pupils were coming from as far away as Georgia and Kentucky, which meant journeys of two or three weeks' duration. The school year comprised two terms of five months each, with vacations in April and October.

In 1816, an event of note was the changing of the name of Maidenhead township, and hence of the village and of the school itself. Dissatisfaction with the old name was expressed in a petition to the New Jersey legislature, signed by ninety leading citizens including Isaac Brown, to adopt for the township the name of Lawrence, in honor of Captain James Lawrence, Jersey-born hero of the late wars with Tripoli and Great Britain ("Don't give up the ship!"). Despite some opposition, the petitioners won out, and in due course the village was renamed Lawrenceville and the school became known as Lawrenceville Academy.

School and church flourished together under their joint head. In 1819 Brown found time to publish a 370-page volume entitled *Memoirs of the Rev. Robert Finley, D.D.... with Brief Sketches of some of His Contemporaries, and Numerous Notes.* "Having enjoyed neither much leisure, nor good health," he states in the preface, "[the writer] has not pleased himself, and cannot therefore, expect, very extensively, to please others." But his "numerous notes" are illuminating as little essays on his views as an educator. Full quotation is not possible here, but it is pleasantly

unexpected at this date to find him advocating more uniformity in studies and accuracy of texts for those preparing for the colleges, more attention to the abilities of individual students, the virtues of manual (vocational) instruction, the importance of able teachers, or the significance of language study in the understanding of other cultures.

In 1816 Brown had been elected a trustee of the College of New Jersey, and in 1822 became an incorporator of Princeton Theological Seminary. By the end of 1828 the growth of his responsibilities brought him to a parting of the ways where he resolved to resign his pastorate, whose membership he had nearly trebled, and devote his energies to expanding the work of the school. He had now about forty boys, including some from the then outlying states and even from Cuba and England, a circumstance which lent an unusual breadth of association to a small academy. The connection between the church and the school, however, continued to be a close one, with the pupils in strict attendance at Sabbath services and the principal's consistent attention to religious study and observance at all times.

In 1829 a long announcement was published in the *Trenton Federalist* describing for the "Lawrenceville High School" an enlarged program which provides the earliest indication of the actual scope of Brown's curriculum. Without doubt he had originally offered, in line with the academy movement already flourishing in New England and elsewhere, a much broader program of study than the traditional grammar schools had offered, with their rigid emphasis on the classics in preparation for the university and the professions. For the middle class in a new democratic society, something different was required, and before the development of the public schools, the academies had sprung up to meet the need. Brown's new announcement typified this idea: the school, modelled on the gymnasia and high schools of Europe, had arisen from his conviction that the old methods were out-dated and that the public would support a school providing a "full and liberal course" taught by "men of talents, zeal, and ability." There would be "additional edifices" (possibly an allusion to the School House,—now the Haskell House—whose date of construction is not precisely known) and "a teacher for every

ten pupils," all living together "as one family." Instruction would embrace "the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Italian, and English languages, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Political Economy, Mathematics, Rhetoric, Elocution, Geography, History, Civil Engineering, and all the branches of elementary English and commercial education." Four teachers had been engaged, men of high talent, including a native graduate of Heidelberg and a "French gentleman, whose residence in Spain and long experience in teaching the languages of both Spain and France" eminently recommended him. The course would be accommodated to college preparation or to business, farming, or professional study. Religious instruction would be faithfully given. In addition (and here Brown was radical) "gymnastic, and other interesting exercises, will be introduced . . . to invigorate the physical system" . . . under the supervision of "an experienced and judicious superintendent." There was also to be a bathing reservoir of graduated depth to encourage the art of swimming and "furnished with accommodations for the cold Bath." Brown further states that "pupils will be received from the age of five to that of eighteen," with "those maternal attentions which are of so much importance to youth in the absence of their parents." In conclusion, his description of Lawrenceville itself ran as follows:

> The central situation of Lawrenceville, between the great cities, and between the North and South—its seclusion from large and promiscuous assemblies and the temptations connected with them—the remarkable purity and healthfulness of its air—and the spirit of intelligence and morality prevailing among the inhabitants, combine to constitute this a peculiarly suitable place for such an institution as that contemplated.

The new approach drew a sharply increased enrollment, variously reported at from fifty to eighty during the next year or two. In December of 1831, Brown wrote to a friend that "the responsibility, the perplexity, the expense, etc., of a large school are very great. Time, comfort, means of indulging a literary and social taste and habit must all be made subservient to the school completely, without reserve . . . There is not a greater slave in the universe than I am this day, with four excellent aides about me." His

wife was not well and had to be relieved of the heavy duties she had borne. In 1832, he secured as co-principal Alexander Hamilton Phillips, a member of the family who were among Maidenhead's earliest settlers and a branch of the New England family which founded Exeter and Andover. In 1833, his son died, soon to be followed by his wife. The next year he sold the school and its forty acres to Phillips for $8,500.

After its first quarter-century the school, so modestly begun as an adjunct of the village church, had already acquired national recognition and was one of seven academies remaining in New Jersey of the large number established at the beginning of the century. Its roster of students had included three future governors, among them Charles S. Olden, the "war governor" of New Jersey; such distinguished lawyers as Henry W. Green, who became chancellor of New Jersey; the famous surgeon Samuel D. Gross; and many who made notable careers in the ministry, in politics, and in military service. Isaac Brown had built well. Moving to Mt. Holly and later to Trenton, he continued to preach, write, and occasionally teach. In 1858 he was given the degree of D.D. by Lafayette College, and two years later he returned to his old school as a prominent guest at the celebration of its semi-centennial year.

Meanwhile, under Alexander Phillips, the school's progress was less pronounced. He issued its first formal publication, the triennial catalogue of 1836, which gives the earliest accurate listing of students with their geographical distribution (in summary, 1834-1836: New Jersey, 44; New York, 30; Pennsylvania, 27; District of Columbia, 2; five southern states, 10; Cuba, 3) and whose format was the basis of similar catalogues for more than forty years. Of much greater significance was the circumstance which led to the arrival of a new teacher, Samuel McClintock Hamill.

II

I was completing my Senior year in Jefferson College, Pa. About the first of August I called on Rev. Dr. [Matthew] Brown, its able and honored President, and he read me a letter he had just received from the Principal of this school, asking him to recommend some one as teacher of the

Plate 1. "Cherry Grove", on the Princeton-Lawrenceville road, birthplace of John C. Green. Pictured here after 1851 as the old Scudder farm, now the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Lambert, Jr.

Plate 2. Lawrenceville Female Seminary, *c.* 1850, later the Davis House.

Plate 3. Photograph of a sketch of Lawrenceville School, *c.* 1910, showing the Circle, and at lower left the Hamill House.

Latin and Green languages, in the place of James H. Porter, who was about to start the Female Seminary of this village.

The Doctor said he thought I was the person to fill the place. I raised objections.

1st. The letter called for a man to come pledged to teach at least two years. I did not wish to teach more than one.

2nd. The letter called for a man who had passed on to his second or master's degree, while I had not yet received my first degree.

The Doctor promptly met my objections, and said he would indorse for me, and after a few days' prayerful consideration I agreed to come to New Jersey. On the last Thursday of September following, I received my Diploma, and on the 31st day of October reported for duty at Lawrenceville, and on the following day, November 1st, took my place in the class-room assigned to me.

This was one of the most laborious years of my life. But I was greatly encouraged at the end of my first term, by the examination of my classes, and the strong recommendation of the Principal, Mr. A. H. Phillips, a man of fine abilities and a fine teacher.

Instead of hesitating at the prospect of teaching for two years, I am here at end of almost half a century, having retained, in different relations, a continuous connection with the Institution through this long period. So little do men know of what is before them.

Thus Dr. Hamill addressed the school's Commencement in 1883, upon his retirement. A greatly respected and beloved Christian gentleman, he had conducted the school through a long and stable period of consolidation covering the entire middle period of the nineteenth century. The position vacated by James H. Porter in 1834 fell by chance to a man whose imprint on the school's history was to be deep indeed.

Of Scotch-Irish stock and a native of Norristown, Pa., where his father was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, the new teacher Samuel Hamill came to Lawrenceville on a salary of $350 per year "with room, board, washing, mending, lights and fuel... the teachers are accustomed to *cut* their own wood"... and on the understanding that Mr. Porter could temporarily help out with the teaching if necessary. The Lawrenceville Female Seminary had scarcely opened when Porter suddenly died, but the venture continued under the direction of his widow, who, with Alexander Phillips acting in a supervisory capacity, set it on a firm footing. Hamill's first years thus saw the establishing of a sister school in the village whose informal connections with the

boy's school, sometimes too close for the comfort of the two principals, lasted until its building, known now as the Old Davis House, was leased for the boy's school in 1883 and had an illustrious history as a Lawrenceville "House" for the next forty-seven years (*Plate* 2).

Alexander Phillips retired as principal in 1837. At the age of twenty-five, and with but three years' experience, Samuel Hamill took over the direction in association with his older brother, the Rev. Hugh Hamill, an ordained clergyman who had studied theology at Princeton and Yale. The enrollment, which had dropped to less than twenty under Phillips, was rapidly built up, and the program of studies strengthened. In 1838, Samuel Hamill married Matilda Green, daughter of Richard M. Green (one of Isaac Brown's original "trustees") and a cousin of John Cleve Green, who, after leaving the Academy of Maidenhead at the age of sixteen, was by this time making his fortune. The following year Phillips' proprietorship was completely taken over by the Hamills, Samuel assuming actual control. The name of the school, meanwhile, had become the Lawrenceville Classical and Commercial High School (L.C.C.H.S.), a familiar designation for nearly fifty years. The "Commercial" course, omitting Greek and Latin, seems actually to have substituted scientific and "philosophical" subjects rather than vocational studies.

Compared to those of Isaac Brown, the educational theories of Samuel Hamill were conservative. In this respect there was little change in the course of his principalship. Rather his talents lay in his natural love of his boys and in an understanding of moral principles which went far deeper than the letter of the law. Alfred A. Woodhull '54, who became a brigadier general in the Army, wrote many years later: "The general tone of the school was kindly... I think all the boys were glad to return when the term opened, and as individuals we developed by degrees positive fondness for Mr. Hamill, whom at all times we respected. In our latter years with him our attitude was practically filial.. It is not to be assumed from the absence of written rules and Mr. Hamill's general kindliness, that discipline was lax. It was nothing of the kind... Corporal punishment was infrequent and I think was never administered in public. Pains always seemed

taken to avoid mortifying a boy... [there was] little or none of the harsher measures popularly associated with boarding schools of the period."

Another alumnus gave a vivid impression of the associate principal: "Dr. Hugh Hamill was a unique character. Could Dickens or Howells have had contacts with him, the picture would stand forth as unmatched in story. He was tall and gaunt, with sharp features, red face and fiery eyes. His head was crowned with the largest and blackest wig I have ever seen. He was an old bachelor and led a solitary life. I do not think that even with his brother, who for a long lifetime gave Dr. Hugh livelihood, he had more than slight acquaintance."

The strictness, dignity, kindness, and courtesy of the regime went hand-in-hand with what, by contemporary standards, was often archaic and unimaginative rote-learning, with frequent turn-over of the teaching staff in a day when teaching was largely a temporary occupation for young college graduates on their way to other pursuits. Among the boys surreptitious "hazing," often severe, was an accepted custom and probably served as an outlet for pent-up energy when there was no regular athletic activity. The pond served for bathing in summer and skating in winter. Daily ablutions were performed, summer and winter, in tin basins on the porch outside the "Oratory," or main room of the present Hamill House. On Sundays the school marched in pairs to the village church and occupied hard benches in the gallery. The service was sometimes two hours long, and one could not pass the time looking at the girls from the Female Seminary because they were seated beneath the gallery, well out of sight. But there were occasional social gatherings in the Hamills' parlors, sometimes attended by the girls, and presided over by Mrs. Hamill with tact and charm. Competitive debating was the closest approach to extra-curricular activity and led to the formation of two societies, the Calliopean (1852) and the Philomathean (1855) which endured with varying prestige for more than seventy years.

"Those Hamills," said Isaac Brown in 1857, "are good managers." Between 1845 and 1860 the enrollment doubled, another story was added to the main House, the School House was remodelled, the faculty increased, and Samuel Hamill's reputation

was steadily growing. He was a founding member of the New Jersey Historical Society, addressed important educational conferences, and, despite his lack of a formal theological degree, was ordained by the New Brunswick Presbytery and subsequently was given the degree of D.D. by both Rutgers and Hanover Colleges. The semi-centennial of the school in 1860 found it with an enrollment of nearly one hundred and a faculty of eight. Since its beginning, as the 1860 catalogue stated, "Pupils have been drawn to it from almost every state in the Union, from South America, the West India Islands, the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations, and from Great Britain." Of the 1,090 boys who had attended in the first half-century, the catalogue remarks: "Among them will be found many Ministers of the Gospel, and in civil life Judges, Governors, and members of State and National Legislatures. Of those who have been pupils since 1837, some two hundred have been admitted to various universities and colleges. The smile of a benignant Providence has rested upon the Institution, and to His name be the praise."

The 1860 occasion was one of speeches at the church and feasting at Mrs. Hamill's well-laden tables. An alumni association was formed, with Governor Olden as president. John C. Green, now a man of large affairs, had returned to reminisce with his old principal, Dr. Brown. Attendance exceeded one hundred. All in all, as Dr. Hamill later remarked, "There was presented a picture of men of mark and fine physique worthy to be thrown on canvas."

The Civil War years, though a time of great excitement, came and went without serious effects upon the school. Dr. Hamill's eloquent patriotic utterances at a Princessville rally cost him the services of two of his teachers who, unknown to him, were in the listening crowd; nine older boys, fired by reports of Confederate raids into Northern territory in 1864, stole away by night to enlist, but were promptly reclaimed in Philadelphia and honorably reinstated at school. Enrollment fell off, but the setback was temporary.

Immediately after the war the pace of change began to be noticeable. The school year was altered from its old summer and winter sessions into almost its present pattern. Dr. Hamill for-

sook his disdain of mere "exercise" and had a wooden building fitted out as a gymnasium. From the boys themselves came the pressure for athletic teams, and at first baseball, then gymnastics and football, began to achieve the status of organized sports. In various ways the old "academy" idea was undergoing transformation, pressed on by the rise of the public high schools and the new demands of national expansion. Dr. Hamill, approaching seventy, was getting ready to retire. In 1879, the residuary legatees of John Cleve Green, who had died four years earlier and left a fortune to be disposed of, bought the school for $25,000 but persuaded Dr. Hamill to remain as principal until their prospective plans matured. He did so until June, 1883, by which time these plans had assumed impressive reality. What Thornton Wilder has called the school's "Primitive Age" was over.

III

The legal appraisal of John C. Green's personal estate showed a valuation of more than $5,900,000. This he had built up, first, in the China trade with the Griswold and Russell firms until 1839, and later in banking and railroad investments. A trustee of Princeton Theological Seminary, he had contributed generously to this institution as well as to the College itself. His residuary legatees consisted of his widow, Sarah Griswold Green; his brother, Caleb Smith Green, Jr.; his nephew, Charles Ewing Green; and his very close friend, Judge John T. Nixon. The terms of his will required them to dispose of this property, not to any specific purpose, but only to "such persons and objects and purposes of friendship as they may deem best and as may in their judgment be such as I would approve . . . The legatees turned over large sums to the Theological Seminary and the College at Princeton. After the purchase of Dr. Hamill's school, they spent about $1,250,000 in the subsequent development of the new Lawrenceville School on the John C. Green Foundation. One fifth of this sum was set aside for endowment.

The four legatees, henceforth styled the Founders, had taken several years to formulate their plans and, by the time Dr. James Cameron Mackenzie had been engaged as Head Master-elect in

1882, a definite break with the past and the founding of a new enterprise had been determined. The object was to furnish in the middle states an endowed preparatory school comparable with such New England schools as Exeter but with some important differences. Although the three male Founders and the four additional trustees[1] subsequently appointed were all residents of New Jersey and had preponderantly Princeton connections, they announced that the school was to have "absolutely no connection with any college except that of educational comity." At first the plans called for the razing of the old school buildings, an idea later abandoned, and Dr. Hamill's membership on the Board of Trustees was to be the sole surviving evidence of the former era.

In October, 1882, Dr. Mackenzie submitted to the Founders a draft plan setting forth in full detail his suggestions for the organization of the school. He was a young man of thirty, Scottish-born, with an already remarkable record in the academic world. Despite a hard economical struggle in his early years, he had been graduated from Exeter and from Lafayette with high distinction, had received flattering offers in both teaching and publishing, completed his doctorate at Lafayette, and was recommended to Lawrenceville by his excellent administration of an academy at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. His plan of organization was drawn up, as he states, "After visiting . . . the leading and representative preparatory Schools of the U. S., conferring with their faculties, after corresponding with prominent educators, and after mature reflection . . .," an exciting proposition for a young man with relatively unlimited resources to count upon.

The kernel of this plan, and a distinguishing feature of the school ever since, was the adoption of the "house system" substantially as found in British schools like Rugby or Eton but without the "fagging," and in sharp contrast to the prevalent American system of large, indifferent dormitories for all. These "separate homes," as Mackenzie originally called them, "should be built at convenient distances from the main school building;

[1]The four were Dr. Samuel M. Hamill; Barker Gummere, a Trenton lawyer; the Rev. Charles A. Aiken of Princeton Theological Seminary; and Prof. William M. Sloane of Princeton.

should be large enough to hold a teacher and his family and not more than 25 boys; and should be under the immediate care of the teacher and his wife to organize and maintain a marked home life and supervision." This method of setting up a large school was new to America, and from it flowed the distinctive advantages of the entire undertaking. Subsequent points in Mackenzie's plan included the provision of a dormitory for "more matured" students (realized a decade later in the "Upper House"), the setting up of an effective program of scholarships and the avoidance of any arrangements which could imply "lines of caste," the importance of able masters and of the head master's being free to maintain wide contacts throughout the school, and the need for "ample" endowment. "Garfield was right in declaring that a great university for him would be a log cabin, a rude bench with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other. But Mark Hopkins can be obtained and held only by liberal, 'ample' endowments." Mackenzie also included a detailed building program comprising the main building, "scientific" building, "homes," dormitory, chapel, gymnasium, bath house, and laundry. The chapel he called "the most novel feature of my recommendations." It was to be strictly reserved, by charter regulation if necessary, for religious use alone. Other schools were seeking such a solution to the question. "Give me such a chapel, a religious service of prayer and praise, and a 'word in season' daily, I believe I could temper the entire school life."

The Chapel, as it turned out, was not erected until 1895, under a special bequest of Mrs. John C. Green in memory of her daughter Edith. Meanwhile, having taught Greek under Dr. Hamill for a year, Dr. Mackenzie assumed the headmastership in the fall of 1883. A seasoned group of four new masters included men of high accomplishment in teaching and administration at both the school and college level. Their salaries were much above the existing average. One hundred and twelve boys entered at a tuition of $400. Of these, only twelve had been students under Dr. Hamill. Temporary quarters were arranged until the new buildings should be ready. Under the plans of the architects Peabody and Stearns, and of the famous landscape ar-

chitect Frederick Law Olmstead, work progressed until, in the fall of 1885, the school occupied the main academic building, Memorial Hall; Foundation House, residence of the Head Master and Mrs. Mackenzie; and four Houses, each under the entire care of the head of an academic department and his wife: Cleve House named for John Cleve Green, as was Memorial Hall), Griswold House (named for his wife, Sarah Helen Griswold), Woodhull House (named for his brother, Henry Woodhull Green), and Dickinson House (named for his great-grandmother, Martha Dickinson, daughter of Princeton's first president). A fifth House, the Kennedy, commemorating John S. Kennedy, one of John C. Green's executors, was added in 1889. Of the buildings of the old school, the original structure of 1814 became the Hamill House, variously used as an "upper" house and by underformers; the old School House served as the gymnasium, and the former Female Seminary became in due course the Davis House. Additional houses in the village were also acquired or leased.

For the first time the academic program was set up by definite Forms, four in number, and three "courses" were offered,—the Classical, Scientific, and English,—the last designed for boys who were not necessarily preparing for college. The departments in instruction were those of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Science, English, and Modern Languages. History was taught in all three courses but without departmental status. The Classical course alone included Greek, but Latin was required throughout all courses and Forms. Uniform requirements prevailed in English, elocution, and Biblical instruction. Noteworthy was the elevation of Modern Languages from the old category of "extras." In the next decade the increasing demands of college preparation led to the discontinuance of the "English" course. Physical exercise became mandatory, and in 1889 the systematic supervision of athletics was placed under Charles Henry Raymond, celebrated Master of the Davis House and later Assistant Head Master.

In the building of a new Lawrenceville, Dr. Mackenzie's authority was not always commensurate with his responsibility. The stated authority of the Board of Trustees (not final, since title to the property remained vested in the Founders) extended even to the approval of text books. Yet the Mackenzie administration

steadily gained its objectives. In 1892, despite controversy, the opening of the Upper House, formally named Caleb Smith Hall in memory of John C. Green's father, Caleb Smith Green, brought to full fruition Dr. Mackenzie's plan for a senior dormitory uniting the graduating class in an atmosphere approaching the greater independence of college life. In the same year the school acquired the seventy-six neighboring acres of the Mershon farm (now the golf links) and brought its total land holdings to 185 acres. The "Circle" was completed by the building of the Chapel in 1895 (*Plate 3*).

By 1898, the Quindecennial Register showed an enrollment of 362 and a faculty of twenty-two. In its first fifteen years—all connection with the old school being omitted from consideration—Lawrenceville had enrolled 1,736 boys from forty-two states and eleven foreign countries. Ninety-five per cent of those entering college had been graduated. Tuition now ran as high as $650 for the best rooms in Upper, a variance from Dr. Mackenzie's original ideas.

"This institution," wrote Nicholas Murray Butler in 1897, "is perhaps the largest and best equipped of the endowed secondary schools of America." Contemporary articles in newspapers and magazines described Lawrenceville as already famous. Dr. Mackenzie, acknowledging the pre-eminence of its material resources, nevertheless attributed its success chiefly to the inculcation of Christian character and principles, the calibre of its faculty, and the effectiveness of the "House" system. His own attainments outside the school added to its national reputation. Outstanding among them was his appointment by the National Education Association to its "Committee of Ten," chaired by President Eliot of Harvard, which directed in 1893 a massive study of secondary education in the United States and whose work paved the way for the eventual creation of the College Entrance Examination Board. He was offered the superintendency of the Philadelphia Public Schools, the principalship of Exeter, and the presidency of Lafayette College. Among his faculty, this was the Lawrenceville of renowned masters such as Patterson, Hull, Raymond, Bronson, Durell, or George, who seem in retrospect to have had the stature of giants.

This was also the Lawrenceville of later legend, of the Jigger Shop, the "Old Roman" (Hull), of "Flash Condit" and the football team that scored against the Princeton 'varsity, of Bath Night under the ministrations of "Doc" Cubberly, of the rising traditions of the Houses and of the great Pancake Record—a legend now embodied in the Lawrenceville books of Owen Johnson '95. As Thornton Wilder later wrote: *"The Varmint* and *The Tennessee Shad* have conferred upon the School a thing which all the generosity of donors and the skill of architects cannot supply: a vital, congenial atmosphere. The firm of MacNooder and Hickey, the exploits of George Cadwallader (The Walladoo Bird), of Turkey Righter and the Egghead have ascended into Myth . . . Even the masters walk modestly in the shadow of that great teacher, the Old Roman, for legend is the energy aspect of history."

IV

In 1899, Dr. Mackenzie resigned. The last of the Founders, Charles Ewing Green, had died in 1897, and in the following year his widow conveyed title to the lands and endowment fund to the Board of Trustees. Lawrenceville now had, for the first time, a corporate entity independent of individual persons.

To succeed Dr. Mackenzie, the trustees chose Dr. Simon John McPherson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago. A graduate and trustee of Princeton, Dr. McPherson came to his post with a background of twenty influential years in the ministry. Although he was an imposing man, his methods were not commandeering, and he soon won the respectfully affectionate sobriquet of "The King." Certain deficiencies carried over from the more boisterous 'nineties were quietly corrcted. In 1902, the completion of a large new gymnasium (which burned down in 1959) greatly improved the facilities for year-round athletics. An additional lower Form was inaugurated in 1904. Beyond changing the status of seniors from Fourth to Fifth Formers, it altered the character of the school by the introduction of younger boys. Enrollment passed 400, and the faculty numbered seventeen masters and fourteen assistants. The original endowment was becoming hard-pressed to carry mounting expenses. From the

first, Dr. McPherson saw that the support of the alumni, including the "forgotten men" of the Hamill era, was important for the future.

An alumni banquet in 1901 brought many of them to meet the new Head Master. During the next few years reorganization and other activities, including the start of the *Alumni Bulletin,* were vigorous. The publication of the Owen Johnson stories in magazines and in book form added to the enthusiasm. The stage was set for the celebration in June, 1910, of the school's Centennial, acknowledging its continuous history from the beginning. The official *Register* printed, for the first time since 1883, the list of principals and the school history from 1810. Six hundred alumni returned to occupy their old Houses, with the veterans quartered in the Hamill House and the boys themselves in army tents on the golf course. The principal address, delivered by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton, stated in part:

> A residential school is . . . an attempt to establish a community, and by attempting to establish a community it recognizes this principle: that education does not consist in instruction; that it consists in instruction *plus* the processes of life which make instruction useful and valid . . . The best education that anyone ever got . . . has come by personal association with men of strong character and disciplined minds . . . Many extraordinary memories throng and quicken the air of a place like this. I cannot imagine a man living in such a place, where the spirits of boys have been played upon by this influence for a hundred years, without getting into his lungs some unusual air . . . knowing the air to be greater than he could breathe anywhere else.

Two years later the way was opened for greater alumni responsibility when the election of trustees who were not New Jersey residents was legally authorized. Under the leadership of A. P. W. Kinnan '73 the alumni in 1913 financed the building of Society Hall for the use of the two venerable debating societies. (This became Kinnan House, a senior dormitory, after the dissolution of the societies a decade afterwards). The alumni were taken into the confidence of the trustees on the school's funds. More of them began sending their sons to Lawrenceville. Dr. McPherson's purpose was gradually being achieved when the crisis of the First World War intervened.

In 1916 the organization and morale of the school were strengthened by the Head Master's formation of a student council. This became a permanent organ in the development of student responsibility and self-discipline. But by 1917 the senior enrollment had dwindled and compulsory military drill was instituted. The next year brought only 361 boys, of whom forty-nine were Fifth Formers. An epidemic of influenza greatly complicated Dr. McPherson's task by affecting nearly one third of the school. Adequate medical care was not available, and he shattered his strength in his concern for every patient. The epidemic passed without fatalities.

November, 1918, brought the news of the armistice to an exultant school. Dr. McPherson took a brief period for rest and recuperation, but in January, 1919, he was taken seriously ill and died. By his wisdom, however, the larger "community" of Lawrenceville had been measurably enhanced.

In fitting consequence the alumni had an important voice in the selection of a new head of the school. An alumni committee chaired by Samuel M. Hamill '82, nephew of the late Principal, was formed to collaborate with the trustees. Largely by the efforts of its vice-chairman, Waldron P. Belknap '91, the choice fell upon Dr. Mather Almon Abbott of Yale. Canadian-born and the son of an Episcopalian rector, Dr. Abbott was a graduate of King's College, Nova Scotia, and Oxford. He had had nineteen years' teaching experience under Dr. Endicott Peabody at Groton and four at Yale, where he taught Latin and coached celebrated crews. With his coming Lawrenceville acquired a leader of an entirely new kind.

Dr. and Mrs. Abbott occupied Foundation House in November, 1919. The effects of the war and of Dr. McPherson's illness and death had left the school with pressing problems of administration, academic standards, and physical equipment. As Mrs. Abbott later wrote, "The first months at Lawrenceville were taken up with accustoming the boys and faculty to his [her husband's] disturbing personality . . . Wherever he came, things were set in motion." The motion was gradual at first, but the atmosphere had definitely changed.

In June, 1920, alumni representation on the Board of Trustees was officially authorized, the Fathers' Association was organized, and Princeton awarded Dr. Abbott the degree of Litt.D. During the summer, through the interest of General Charles G. Dawes, the original Dawes House was acquired as a memorial to his son, Rufus F. Dawes '09. A frame building formerly used by the Red Cross, it stood at the edge of the golf course near the site of the present power plant. In Dr. Abbott's mind, however, truly ambitious plans for campus development were rapidly taking form. Enrollment passed 500 at the next session and the school was starting to have a waiting list.

A significant change at this period was the setting up in 1922 of a new medical system under a medical director assisted by a school physician. This department, with its headquarters at the former infirmary (now Brook House), was not under the control of the Head Master and an anomalous situation existed which was soon to become crucial. Concurrently, an efficiency survey of the school's needs was conducted by Henry W. Holmes, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education. Its findings recommended the lines of authority and areas of responsibility which have, with minor variations, obtained ever since. Of chief importance was the role of the Head Master as executive head subject only to the Board of Trustees. Under him, with authority in their own areas, were to be the assistant head master, dean, business manager, registrar, medical director, and certain other officers and committees. The adoption in 1923 of the greater part of these recommendations was hailed by Dr. Abbott as having led to "most remarkable results... I find a great weight lifted from my shoulders. In find a unanimous faculty working as they have never worked before... and I lay the whole of our success to the one great principle that in any business undertaking there must be only one head." There remained, however, the autonomous medical director. The issue came to a crisis in 1926, when a committee of the Fathers' Association and of the faculty submitted to the Board of Trustees a report criticizing the medical department. The trustees rejected the criticisms, and at their next meeting Dr. Abbott tendered his resignation. The immediate reaction

of boys, faculty, and alumni to this astonishing news was that the trustees must not allow "the Bott" to resign. This demand prevailed. Dr. Abbott stayed, but soon thereafter the medical department officially joined the other departments of the school under his finally complete authority.

Meanwhile, the great building program that was to characterize this administration had begun to move. In 1922 the Alumni Study, providing an adequate room for the Head Master and his wife to gather with members of the Fifth Form, had been added to Foundation House. In 1924, the Alumni War Memorial Building was opened. Known familiarly as "Lower School" and cited as a prime need since the Centennial, it united in four "House" units under one roof the younger boys hitherto scattered in village quarters. In 1925, following a three-year campaign for $200,000 by the Fathers' Association, a new classroom and administrative building was completed. This added twenty-one classrooms to relieve the crowding in Memorial Hall, reduced the size of classes to fifteen, and provided administrative offices, a bookstore, and quarters for student publications. As the Fathers' Association Building, it immediately drew the nickname of "Pop Hall." These buildings, like their successors for many years, were designed by the noted architect William Adams Delano '91.

Plans in progress for additional buildings were catalyzed on a January night in 1929 by a fire which, fortunately without fatalities, razed the Dawes House. Within a short time a campaign was begun as the Lawrenceville Fund which, by the year's end, carried to completion the new Dawes House and the Simon John McPherson Infirmary, a modern small hospital. Early the following year the twin of the Dawes House, the new Raymond-Davis House, was occupied. Named in honor of Charles Henry Raymond of the old Davis, it replaced that House in the campus scheme. The campaign's momentum rolled farther within another year to include the erection of the John Dixon Library, where handsome facilities superseded the single room in Memorial Hall. At this stage there had now appeared, south of the Circle, a new Georgian campus fit to rival its nineteenth-century neighbor. Ultimately, with the rehabilitation of older buildings,

twenty-eight new tennis courts, and extensive landscaping and planting, more than $1,500,000 was spent for buildings and grounds—an amount twenty per cent greater than the entire outlay of the John C. Green Foundation.

The realization of this large program was coupled with the school's continued drive toward academic achievement. In 1929 a "three-track" system to accommodate the varying abilities of boys was instituted. Lawrenceville candidates for college won Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa trophy the next year for the highest scores on entrance examinations, and for the fifth time a Lawrenceville graduate was awarded a Rhodes scholarship. Enrollment, having reached a high of 577 in 1928, was holding near 500 despite the onset of the depression. Student life had been enriched by Dr. Abbott's innate enthusiasm for athletics: rowing, soccer, and polo joined the older established sports. In 1933, a major curriculum revision to conform with liberalized college requirements provided new opportunities in art, music, history, and science. Tuition was now $1,500. However, it had not been possible to channel much money into endowment, and *Fortune* could report in 1931 that as against schools of like calibre, "Lawrenceville is less florescent. Its endowment of $300,000 is smaller than any other school (of comparable size) considered here."

Modern Lawrenceville had been brought into being when, with bewildering suddenness, Dr. Abbott died in May, 1934. It had become, physically and academically, a different school in a different age. It had successfully maintained first-rank status, yet the age had now become one of mounting challenges to all such institutions.

The administration of Dr. Abbott's successor, Allan Vanderhoef Heely, covered a quarter-century—a span exceeded only by the principalship of Dr. Hamill. Still too recent to be seen in full perspective, it was a period whose momentous issues could not fail to be reflected in the school's history. The closing paragraphs of this narrative sketch can provide only a brief summary.

Dr. Heely, educated at Yale, Oxford, and Columbia, came to Lawrenceville in November, 1934, from teaching and administra-

tive posts at Phillips Academy, Andover. World upheaval, stemming from the depression and soon culminating in the Second World War, brought long-established values into question and laid the private school open to attack from many quarters. Its hitherto safe assumptions about its place in American society no longer commanded the ready acceptance that characterized the preceding fifty years. In the circumstances it was Lawrenceville's good fortune to have acquired in Dr. Heely not only an able administrator but also an exceptionally perceptive and articulate spokesman for the whole cause of private education. In his book *Why the Private School?,* published in 1951, he gave his beliefs explicit form. Briefly stated, their basis was that the manifest task of such schools was not alone to educate the superior student, but to educate him "to the top of his bent." This task was conceived in intellectual and spiritual terms, and as something which the private school, by virtue of its independence and long traditions, was peculiarly able to do. It gave the school justification and critical importance. It was rigorous, but so were the demands of the time.

An important step in advancing Lawrenceville's approach to this goal was the adoption in 1936 of the "Harkness Conference Plan," whereby the old-fashioned classrooms were remodelled to accommodate class groups of no more than twelve, seated around the conference table in an atmosphere conducive to discussion and the exchange of ideas. This not only called for an increase in the teaching staff, but also made greater demands on the calibre of the teachers themselves. The plan was financed by a gift of Edward S. Harkness, who had earlier established it at Exeter.

In 1940 the curriculum underwent radical revision with the introduction of "major" and advanced courses, honors sections and more numerous electives, and the upgrading of art and music to full academic stature. During the war years, three summer sessions were held mainly to enable older boys to complete their schooling before entering the service. The post-war period witnessed the growth of a true principle of acceleration for the ablest boys and of the now widely adopted program for advanced

placement in college,—a program whose basis was examined first in a report issued by a three-college, three-school committee representing Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Andover, Exter, and Lawrenceville. The courses in religion were completely recast and involved participation by many members of the faculty.

The previously stipulated limit of 500 students was, despite a rise in costs and in academic standards, impossible to maintain. By 1958, enrollment had reached 635, drawn from forty-three states or territories and fifteen foreign countries. A faculty of sixty-four at Dr. Heely's arrival had become ninety-two. Pressures thus generated had to be met in terms of physical plant. In 1937 the Mackenzie Administration Building had been completed. It contained the school offices and freed space in the Fathers' Building for additional classrooms. Dr. Abbott's dream of a sports building was realized in 1951 upon the opening of the Lavino Field House, an endowed gift of Edwin M. Lavino '05, President of the Board of Trustees. In the same year his classmate Jansen Noyes filled the perennial need for an adequate Science Building. Both this and the Field House were later enlarged. Other new construction included a modern heating plant, additional playing fields, a music house, faculty houses, and additions to Hamill House and the library. More village houses were purchased, and much rehabilitation of older buildings undertaken, highlighted by the conversion of Isaac Brown's original School House from a laboratory into a dormitory, Haskell House.

The material resources to support this unprecedented development could not have been secured without the united backing Dr. Heely won from trustees, alumni, parents, and friends. A drive for funds in 1945-1946 was followed in 1954 by the inauguration of the 150th Anniversary Program, with a goal of $5,000,000 by 1960. Half of this amount was scheduled for scholarship funds and the endowment of faculty salaries. During Dr. Heely's administration the school received $9,000,000 in contributions and greatly increased the size of its invested funds. At the time of his death in July, 1959, he had seen remarkable progress toward the safeguarding of the essential work he had envisioned.

Bruce McClellan, the present Head Master, was appointed immediately to succeed Dr. Heely. A graduate of Williams College and of Oxford, he had taught at Lawrenceville for ten years. On its Sesquicentennial the strength of the school enabled it to turn to its own ranks for new leadership.

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Treatment of American Prisoners During the Revolution

RICHARD H. AMERMAN

ALTHOUGH set in an 18th-century era of "temperate" warfare, the Revolution was cruelly expensive in terms of patriot Americans who died as prisoners under shocking conditions of confinement. One out of every three taken captive perished during the long struggle, among them many from the State of New Jersey. The 33 per cent over-all death rate was not to be exceeded in any of the nation's wars until the recent Korean conflict.[1]

Well named the "cockpit of the Revolution," New Jersey became the main theater of operations during the winter of 1776-1777 and early summer of 1778, as well as the scene of innumerable raids and skirmishes throughout the contest. Elsewhere the harsh realities of war were similarly felt. Each battle and nearly every lesser engagement produced its toll of American prisoners led off to makeshift jails in New York or on board prison ships in the harbor.

How many Jerseymen died in captivity with their compatriots from the other colonies probably will never be known. The number was large, however, and survivors all too few.[2] Among those

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[1]Eugene Kinkead, *In Every War But One* (New York, 1959), p. 17. See also review of this book by Col. Frederick B. Wiener, JAGC-USAR, in *Army Magazine* (Washington, D. C.), April 1959, p. 61.

[2]New Jersey made important manpower contributions to the Revolutionary armed forces. For example, there were five New Jersey regiments at the battle of Long Island in August 1776. Christopher Ward, *The War of the Revolution* (New York, 1952), I, 208. The number of Jerseymen captured on that field or at Fort Washington soon afterward is undetermined. A return showing the number of troops serving in 1776 was made by Henry Knox, Secretary of War 1785-1795. Of the total of 72,951 men (46,891 Continentals and 26,060 militia), the New Jersey portion was respectively 3193

who survived were poet Philip Freneau of the vicinity of Freehold, captured aboard a privateer at sea[3], and General William ("Lord Stirling") Alexander of Basking Ridge, taken at the battle of Long Island.[4] How did it happen that so many never returned? The answer lies in a number of interrelated factors, such as the attitude of British ministry and army high command, the number of prisoners taken by each side as the war progressed, and prison conditions.

Early in the war a grant of powers to Lord North gave the British ministry an option to treat captives as felons or as prisoners of war[5]. Until late in the war, Crown ministers considered rebels taken in arms on the same footing as outlaws, a policy which became less realistic as Washington's armies began to take many prisoners in battle and thereby acquired the power to retaliate. British army officers in the beginning generally believed

and 5893. This indicates that the State provided 9086 men, or one-eighth the total number, even though her population was less than one-twentieth that of the Colonies. Cornelius C. Vermeule, "Number of Soldiers in the Revolution," *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society,* N.S. Vol. VII, No. 3, p. 223 (July 1922). Again there is no suggestion of casualties sustained.

[3]A detailed account of his capture appears in an article by Philip M. Marsh, "Was Freneau a Fighter?", *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society,* Vol. 56, No. 3, p. 211 (July 1938).

[4]He was exchanged soon afterward. Ward, *op.cit.,* I, 260. Shortly before the battle of Trenton, a British reconnaissance party picked up General Charles Lee near Basking Ridge on December 13, 1776; an event which for the time being rid the army of a "worthless mischief-maker." John Fiske, *The American Revolution* (Cambridge, 1892), I, 227.

[5]Some months after the war began, and not without misgivings, Parliament in 1777 gave the North ministry extraordinary powers regarding prisoner custody and detention. Until that time the law and custom of England, which prevailed in the Colonies, required speedy trial or discharge on habeas corpus for any one imprisoned on criminal charges. With the Colonies in a state of rebellion, no means existed to try or to detain persons charged in that area with offenses against the Crown. Saying that his bill would obviate these inconveniences and enable Crown officers to confine American prisoners anywhere in the King's dominions, Lord North declared that his ministry (1) intended to reserve and exercise all powers of punishment, (2) meant to punish for treason, or piracy, rebels taken in arms on land or sea, and (3) proposed to try such offenders at pleasure of the Crown. Thus, in effect, captives were to be dealt with as criminals or as prisoners of war as expedience might dictate. To the objection that, under the bill, a man could not know whether he was to be treated as a felon or as a war prisoner, North could only reply that the Crown needed extraordinary powers to suppress the rebellion. This shows plainly that an optional power to treat captives either as prisoners of war or as criminals, according to the exigencies of policy, was what Lord North sought and obtained. Herbert C. Fooks, *Prisoners of War* (Federalsburg, Md., 1924), p. 271.

rebels entitled to short shrift[6]. Of cardinal importance, from a practical standpoint, was the attitude of indifference to prisoner treatment that long prevailed among top British commanders at headquarters in New York, "prison-house of the Revolution."[7]

This gave rise very early to a system which permitted virtually uncontrolled rapacity and brutality among agents charged with directly supervising prison conditions. The vicious William Cunningham was appointed British provost marshal in New York, and served in this office throughout the occupation, from September 15, 1776 until British troops under Sir Guy Carleton withdrew on Evacuation Day, November 25, 1783. There is some indication, though far from proof, that Cunningham died fittingly in 1791 at the end of a rope [8]. In any event he imposed a heartless regime under which thousands of American prisoners died like flies, in ways different only in degree from the atrocities visited on captives during the wars of the Reformation.[9]

Prisoners in Balance

After initial successes at Boston, the Revolutionary cause sustained crippling losses in prisoners during the summer and fall of 1776. In the battle of Long Island in August of that year, with 32,000 British and Hessian professionals arrayed against Washington's 19,000 untrained colonials, American captives were 89 officers and 1006 enlisted men[10]. In the major reverse which oc-

[6]For example, Captain Frederick Mackenzie, of the British Army's 23rd Regiment (Royal Welch Fusiliers), entered in his journal this typical comment late in 1775: "An exchange of prisoners is talked of. The measure may be right and politic; but it appears rather extraordinary that under the present circumstances we should treat with them as if on an equality. . . Rebels taken in arms forfeit their lives by the laws of all Countries." Mackenzie, *Diary, 1775-1781* (Cambridge, 1930), I, 39.

[7]Mary L. Booth, *History of the City of New York* (New York, 1867), II, 512.

[8]Below, pp. 268-270.

[9]Thus, at the siege of Haarlem in 1572-1573, during the Dutch war for independence against Spain, the Dutch second-in-command was captured by the besiegers, who cut off his head and threw it over the walls into the city. The citizens promptly lopped off the heads of 11 prisoners and put them into a barrel, which they threw into the Spanish camp. As "skirmishes were of daily occurrence, there was a constant supply of prisoners . . . so that the gallows in camp or city was perpetually garnished." John Lothrop Motley, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (New York, 1897), II, 435-436.

[10]Douglas Southall Freeman, *George Washington* (New York, 1951), IV, 167n.

curred when Fort Washington fell in November, captured patriots numbered no less than 2818 men.[11] It was only after the retreat through New Jersey and the brilliant counter-stroke at Trenton on Christmas Night, 1776, that the balance began to be redressed. In that battle the Americans took 918 enemy officers and enlisted men.[12]

With Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga in October 1777 the patriot army made a major haul of prisoners, second only to the 8000 or so captured with Cornwallis at Yorktown four years later. At Saratoga the captives included seven general officers with their staffs and aides, 299 field- and company-grade officers, 389 non-commissioned officers, 197 musicians, and 4836 private soldiers, besides an immense quantity of ordnance, munitions and equipment[13]. On the other hand, very few prisoners appear to have been captured at the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, in which Dickinson's New Jersey militia and the von Steuben-trained Continentals distinguished themselves. Fought in 96-degree heat[14] the American army was deprived of clear-cut victory through mismanagement by General Charles Lee, who had been exchanged shortly before[15]. Late in the war, Revolutionary forces in the South suffered heavy prisoner losses when the British took 245 officers and 2326 enlisted men in the capture of Charleston, S.C., in 1780.[16]

New Jersey was the scene of many small actions. Enemy raids in Bergen County, for example, were frequently conducted. Their twofold purpose was to draw subsistence by stripping the farms and, by ravaging the countryside, to break the patriot will to resist. Nearly always, however, the American militia reacted promptly and with effect. In Clinton's raid of September 1777, as an instance, the British seized 400 cattle, 400 sheep and several

[11] *Ibid.*, 252n.
[12] *Ibid.*, 325.
[13] Ward, *op.cit.*, II, 539.
[14] Fifty-nine British and about 37 American soldiers died of sunstroke. *Ibid.*, 585.
[15] Lee was later courtmartialed for his conduct at Monmouth and dismissed from the service. *Ibid.*, 586.
[16] Freeman, *op.cit.*, V, 168.

horses, but lost eight men killed, 18 wounded, 10 missing and five captured.[17]

Tories were also active in Bergen County, as elsewhere in the State. Division of loyalty within families was not uncommon, with some serving the King and others the patriot cause. Encounters between Tories and county militia were savagely fought, and often were accompanied by wanton destruction of life and property. In a Tory raid near Closter, in May 1779, the marauders tried to burn every building they entered. A contemporary account states they destroyed furniture in many houses, and mistreated women and aged men. They were driven off, but not before taking several inhabitants into captivity, from which the prisoners never returned.[18] Twenty-five Americans were killed, wounded or captured in a British raid on Paramus, March 22, 1780.[19]

In a daring attack on Paulus Hook, Major Henry Lee ("Light Horse Harry" Lee) on the night of August 19, 1779 led from Bergen County a force which surprised and overwhelmed the garrison with a fierce bayonet attack. The Americans killed or wounded 50 and got off with 158 prisoners at a cost of two killed and three wounded. Lee's command regained friendly territory at New Bridge only with great difficulty. Boats supposed to be waiting for them in the Hackensack River at Secaucus were unaccountably missing, so that the men had to countermarch to the Bergen road before proceeding north to safety. In his report Lee wrote, "Self preservation strongly dictated on the retreat, the putting the prisoners to death, and British cruelty justified it; notwithstanding which, not a man was wantonly hurt"[20]. Only the month before, at Stony Point on the Hudson, American troops under "Mad" Anthony Wayne seized a fortified position and 543 British prisoners, inflicting 133 other enemy casualties at a loss of 15 killed and 80 wounded.[21]

[17]James M. Van Valen, *History of Bergen County, N.J.* (New York, 1900), p. 60.
[18]*Ibid.*, 65.
[19]Freeman, *op.cit.*, V, 154.
[20]*Ibid.*, 129.
[21]Ward, *op.cit.* II, 602.

The descent on Paulus Hook equaled in effectiveness, if not in ferocity, the "Baylor Massacre" which took place near Old Tappan in Bergen County. On that occasion British infantrymen under Major General Charles ("No Flint") Grey struck silently under cover of darkness, September 27, 1778. A leading advocate of all-out night bayonet attack, with which he had surprised and defeated Wayne the year before at Paoli, Pa., Grey ordered his men to remove the flints from their muskets and to advance without making a sound. After disposing of an outpost guard Grey's men noiselessly surrounded three barns in which were billeted, and sound asleep, the 3rd Continental Dragoons under Lieutenant Colonel George Baylor. In the savage attack which followed, Baylor's command was destroyed as a fighting force. Thirty-six of the men were bayoneted as they roused from sleep, and 40 were taken prisoner. Only 37 escaped, and Baylor himself was wounded and captured.[22]

Colonial newspapers of the time published accounts of these operations. In a number of instances, press reports related the condition of exchanged prisoners and the circumstances of captivity. Sometimes the names of captured Americans appeared, as in the case of over 60 men taken prisoner in the Paramus-Hackensack area in March 1780. Thus, the *New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury* issue of March 27, 1780, contained the following story:

The following is a List of the Prisoners brought to this City last Thursday Night (March 23, 1780) by the Parties that were lately at Paramus and Hackinsack, in New-Jersey, under the Command of Col. Howard of the Guards, and Lieut. Col. M'Pherson of the 42nd Regiment: Captain Abraham Herring, Edward Harvey, Christian O'Neil, Abraham Storms, Patrick Kirkin, John Kiney, Thomas Scotland, William Bradshaw, Ezekial Burrell, Benjamin Marsh, John Clancey, John Armstrong, Andrew Lord, John Brady, William Browing, Charles Corper, George Field, James Teny, Peter Byall, James M'Donald, Thomas Dorman, John Coalby, William Stewart, John Williams, John Van Antwerp, John Bogart, William Provost, Henry Van Winkle, G. Van Wagenen, Morris Earl, John Durjee, John Bond, James Kent, Jacobus Brower, William Brower, John Van Giesen, Patrick

[22] *Ibid.*, 617.

Scentling, Ebenezer Spinnage, David Baldwin, Thomas Harris, Isaac Varvelen, Benjamin Old, Silas Frost, Peter Zabriskie, John Demarest, John Romayn, Gillion Barthoff, Joseph Williams, Rowland Hill, Charles Simmons, Jonathan Doramus, Christian Demarest, Charles Hugh, Isaac Denton, William Hammel, William Hammell, jun., David Colden; Will, Jack, John, Venter and Hector (Negroes).[23]

The Prison City

Distressing stories about the condition of captives in New York began to sift through as early as December 1776. Told by soldiers who escaped and found their way to army headquarters, then in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, it appeared that treatment of prisoners progressively worsened the farther they went from the battle area. British combat officers behaved correctly, but provost personnel in New York acted with brutal severity. One of the men who escaped after a month in prison said that 800 soldiers had been thrust into the New Bridewell, a building (near the present City Hall Park) erected in 1775, which still lacked glass in the windows. The cold and wretched men were given no food for seventy-two hours after capture; rations, when at last furnished, were, for every three days, a half-pound of biscuit, half-pound of pork, half-pint of peas, half-gill of rice, and half-ounce of butter.[24]

After Long Island and Fort Washington, the British had about 4000 prisoners they were almost entirely unprepared to care for, together with many more brought in from privateers. Since New York was the principal place of confinement throughout the war, the number grew constantly. Private soldiers were crowded into public buildings, and sailors were immured on floating hulks. Captured officers were required to give parole, which, however, was often revoked, the officers then being committed to the

[23]*New Jersey Archives*, 2d Series, William Nelson ed., Newspaper Extracts 1779-1780 (Trenton, 1914), IV, 252. See also contemporary newspaper article reprinted in book by Lynn Montross, *Rag, Tag and Bobtail* (New York, 1952), p. 252.

[24]Jonathan Rawson, *1776: A Day-by-Day Story* (New York, 1927), p. 388. See also for treatment of prisoners at the New Bridewell, testimony of Oliver Woodruff, a survivor who attained the age of 90. Booth, *op.cit.* (Note 7), II, 525.

debtors' prison, or New Jail, which came to be called The Provost.[25]

New York became a city of prisons. Every available building was converted to receive captives, who suffered intense privation under Provost-Marshal Cunningham and his deputy O'Keefe, as well as the British commissaries Loring, Sproat and others. Many churches, and Columbia College, became jails. Pews of the North Dutch Church at the corner of Fulton and William Streets were torn out and 800 prisoners jammed inside, where they received no fuel or bedding and only the scantiest rations. Many died from cold and starvation. The Friends Meetinghouse, Presbyterian Church and Baptist Meetinghouse in lower Manhattan were turned into hospitals, and the French church on Pine Street became a depot for military stores. Stripped of pulpit and pews, the Middle Dutch Church at Nassau and Cedar Streets was made to furnish quarters for hundreds of prisoners. Later the church served as a riding school, to train dragoon horses[26]. The Moravians, despite their loyalty to the King, almost had their chapel converted into a prison.[27]

Besides jails and other public buildings, the sugar refineries were widely used as prisons. On Liberty Street was the Old Sugar-House, built in Jacob Leisler's time, a five-story greystone building with thick walls and small windows. It now became one of the worst of the improvised prison pens. Low ceilings and small windows permitted little circulation of air under the best of conditions. Prisoners were packed in tightly and left for months in winter without heat or blankets and having only the clothes worn upon entry. Typhus fever took heavy toll of life, and a "dead-cart" carried away the victims every day.[28]

Describing these conditions, a writer states: "While the jail fever was raging in the summer of 1777, the prisoners were let out in companies of 20 for half an hour at a time to breathe the fresh air. Inside they were so crowded that they divided their numbers

[25]Booth, *op.cit.*, II, 512.
[26]*Ibid.*, 514.
[27]Thomas J. Wertenbaker, *Father Knickerbocker Rebels* (New York, 1948), p. 106.
[28]Booth, *op.cit.*, II, 515.

into squads of six each. No. 1 squad stood 10 minutes as close to the window as they could; and then No. 2 took their place, and so on. Seats there were none; and their beds were but straw intermixed with vermin. For many weeks the dead-cart visited the prison every morning, into which from eight to 12 dead bodies were flung, then dumped into ditches on the outskirts of the city."[29]

Efforts made to recruit these prisoners for British service were almost entirely unsuccessful. A survivor testified that while imprisoned in the Sugar-House, ". . . an influence was exerted to induce the men to enlist in the Tory regiments. Although our sufferings were intolerable, and the men were urged by those who had been their own townsmen and neighbors, who had joined the British, yet the instances were rare that they could be influenced to enlist. So wedded were they to their principles, that they chose honorable death rather than to sacrifice them."[30]

John Pintard, who became a founder of the New-York Historical Society, was then a young man employed as clerk by his uncle, Elias Boudinot. Boudinot, a member of the Continental Congress from New Jersey, who as president of that body later signed the peace treaty with Britain, had been appointed American Commissary General of Prisoners.[31] Pintard thus had occasion to learn about prison conditions in the city. He left a graphic picture of scenes he witnessed. So closely were the prisoners packed, he said, "that when their bones ached at night from lying on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it could only be done by word of command, *'Right,' 'Left',* being so wedged and compact as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies."[32] Cruelty of this kind only deepened indignation, however, and

[29]Henry Onderdonk, Jr., *The British Prisons and Prison-Ships at New York* (Jamaica, L.I., 1863). This is a rare volume in which are collected newspaper accounts published in the first half of the 19th century. The material chiefly comprises personal reminiscences of survivors.

[30]Quoted by Booth, *op.cit.,* II, 517.

[31]George Adams Boyd, *Elias Boudinot, Patriot and Statesman* (Princeton, 1952), p. 35.

[32]Quoted by Booth, *op.cit.,* II, 528.

served both to estrange Americans more widely from the mother country and to destroy any hope of reconciliation.[33]

Provost and Prŏvost Marshal

Perhaps the most notorious prison in New York was The Provost, so called from the fact that it served as headquarters for Cunningham, who had obtained the office through influence of General Gage. Cunningham never forgot the indignities he had been subjected to when roughed up by Liberty Boys in New York before the war, and sadistically revenged himself on prisoners committed to his care, among whom for a time was Ethan Allen, hero of Ticonderoga. Not content with creating conditions which produced slow death from cold and starvation on a wide scale, Cunningham is said to have poisoned a number of captives and continued to draw their rations afterward. True or not, this gave rise to the contemporary saying that he fed the dead and starved the living. Cunningham also reportedly boasted that he killed more rebels with his own hand than had been slain by all the king's forces in America.[34]

The provost's policy, if not that of his superiors, was calculated to crush patriot spirit by establishing a system likely to produce heavy mortality, and thereby terrorize men on active duty with the army. When a prisoner exchange took place in May 1778, only 800 of the men captured at Fort Washington were reported still living. Whether Cunningham later died a felon's death seems doubtful. A document of the time is extant which purports to declare his "last dying words" at the gallows, but its authenticity is questioned by Booth and Onderdonk. The latter and Fooks set out as the supposed text of confession and last dying words of Captain Cunningham, formerly British Provost Marshal in the city of New York, executed in London, August 10, 1791, the following language:[35]

[33]*Ibid.*, 525.
[34]*Ibid.*, 526.
[35]*Ibid*, 530; Onderdonk, *op.cit.* (Note 29), 55; Fooks, *op.cit.* (Note 5), 175.

I, William Cunningham, was born in Dublin Barracks in the year 1738. My father was a trumpeter in the Blue Dragoons, and at the age of eight years I was placed with an officer as his servant, in which station I continued until I was 16, and being proficient in horsemanship, was taken as an assistant to the riding master of the troop, and in 1761 was made sergeant of dragoons, but the peace coming the year following, I was disbanded. Being bred to no profession, I took up with a woman who kept a gin shop in a blind alley near the Cole Quay, but the house being searched for stolen goods and my doxy taken to Newgate, I thought it prudent to decamp; accordingly I set off for the north and arrived at Drogheda, where in a few months after I married the daughter of an exciseman, by whom I had three sons. About the year 1772 we removed to Newry, where I commenced the profession of Scawbanker, which is that of enticing mechanics and country people to ship themselves for America, on promise of great advantage, and then artfully getting an advantage upon them in consequence of which on their arrival in America, they were sold or obliged to serve a term of years for their passage. I embarked at Newry, in the ship *Needham,* for New York and arrived at that port on the 4th day of August 1774, with some indented servants I had kidnapped in Ireland; but they were liberated in New York, on account of the hard passage. In that city I used the profession of breaking horses, and teaching ladies and gentlemen to ride; but rendering myself obnoxious to the citizens in their infant struggle for freedom, I was obliged to fly on board the *Asia* man-of-war, and from thence to Boston, where my own opposition to the measures pursued by the Americans in support of their rights was the first thing that recommended me to the notice of General Gage; and when the war commenced I was appointed Provost Marshal to the Royal Army, which placed me in a situation to wreak my vengeance on the Americans. I shudder to think of the murders I have been accessory to, both with and without orders from the government, especially while in New York, during which time there where more than 2000 prisoners starved in the different churches, by stopping their rations, which I sold.

There were also 275 American prisoners and obnoxious persons executed, out of all which number there were only one dozen public executions, which chiefly consisted of British and Hessian deserters. The mode for private executions was thus conducted: a guard was dispatched from the Provost, about half past twelve at night to the Barrack street, and the neighborhood of the upper Barracks, to order the people to shut their window-shutters and put out their lights, forbidding them at the same time to presume to look out of their windows and doors on pain of death. After which the unfortunate prisoners were conducted, gagged, just behind the upper barracks and hung without ceremony, and there buried by the

black pioneer of the Provost. At the end of the war, I returned to England with the army, and settled in Wales, as having a cheaper place of living than any of the populous cities. But being at length persuaded to go to London, I entered so early into the dissipations of that capital that I soon found my circumstances embarrassed, to relieve which I mortgaged my half-page to an Army Agent; but that being soon expended, I forged a draft for £300 sterling, on the Board of Ordnance, but being detected in presenting it for acceptance, I was apprehended, tried and convicted, and for that offense am here to suffer ignominious death. I beg the prayers of all good Christians, and also pardon and forgiveness of God for the many horrid murders I have been accessory to. (Signed) Wm. Cunningham

The churches and sugar refineries were gradually cleared of inmates during the war. The Provost and the old City Hall, however, were used as prisons until Evacuation Day.[36] To the very end, sufferings of the captives excited wide sympathy. Attempts by citizens to aid them were not encouraged. Mrs. Deborah Franklin was even banished from the city in 1780 for her liberality to the American prisoners.

"Hell Afloat"

Infinitely worse was the condition of the sailor captives, with whom a good many captured soldiers and even non-combatants were commingled on board prison ships in New York harbor. These vessels, their running gear removed, were first anchored near the Battery, whence the bodies of those who died were taken for burial in Trinity Churchyard. Later, as more ships came to be used for this purpose, they were stationed in two's or three's in Wallabout Bay. Among these hulks, on which over 11,000 prisoners are said to have perished, were the *Jersey, Whitby, Falmouth, Scorpion, Strombolo, Hunter, Kitty, Providence, Good Hope, Prince of Wales* and *Bristol.*

Of all these the *Jersey,* christened "hell afloat" by her inmates, gained greatest notoriety. Originally a 64-gun man-o'-war, con-

[36]Booth, *op.cit.,* II, 531.

demned in 1776 as unfit for the naval service, she had been stripped of spars and rigging and converted into a storeship and later, in early 1778, into a prison. In 1780, when captives on the *Good Hope* fired that vessel to cover an attempted escape, the chief culprits were removed to The Provost and others to the *Jersey*. Although some ships, such as the *Hunter,* were supposed to serve as hospitals, medical care was rudimentary. The hospital ships were soon crowded, with the result that both diseased and healthy men had to mingle on the others, where medical and sanitary facilities were non-existent. Some time after the war, worms ate through the *Jersey* and she sank, her timbers bearing names of thousands of prisoners once on board. For more than 20 years her ribs lay exposed at low tide. Remains of the ship now lie buried near the Brooklyn Navy Yard.[37]

Although the *Jersey* soon gained a sinister reputation, treatment aboard other hulks indicates that inmates fared the same everywhere. The *Jersey* was only larger and held more people. Life and death on this vessel was in no way different from that on the others. In charge of shipboard prisoners was a crew and armed guard comprising the captain, two mates, a steward and cook, together with a dozen marines and some 30 soldiers. When brought on board, a prisoner gave his name and rank, and had to submit to search for weapons and money. His captors allowed him to keep any clothes and bedding in his possession; he received no more while on the ship. He was then ordered below decks into an area crammed with a thousand to twelve hundred ragged, hungry men who lived in filth while wasting away from such diseases as typhus, dysentery and small pox, from which the ship was never free. A new prisoner joined a mess of six men, who every morning at ringing of the steward's bell received an allowance of moldy beef or pork and peas, sometimes supplemented with rancid butter, suet, oatmeal or flour. By cutting down rations and by substituting bad food for that procured, the British commissaries amassed large sums at a huge toll in human misery.

[37]Henry R. Stiles, "Life and Death on the Prison Ships", *History of Kings County* (New York, 1884), II, ch. 7. Booth, *Ibid.,* 533.

When confronted with protests, these harpies forced the prisoners by threats of still greater severity to attest to humane treatment received at their hands.[38]

Roused every morning with the cry, "Rebels, turn out your dead," the prisoners brought up on deck the corpses of those who had died during the night. The bodies were lowered into a boat and taken to the Wallabout shore for burial. Placed in shallow trenches and hastily covered with loose sand, the bodies were often disinterred by the next tide. The ship's population remained constant, as "fresh fish," or new prisoners, came on board to replace the dead. Inmates had to work the ship's pumps to keep her afloat. In daylight hours the men were allowed on deck until late afternoon, when ordered below with the command, "Down, rebels, down!" With the topside deck cleared, a sentry was posted as guard at a trapdoor only large enough to permit one man to come up at a time. The guards were often guilty of casual brutality when annoyed by continual importunities for water to quench the thirst of feverish prisoners during the night. Incidents were not uncommon in which a sentry would thrust down his bayonet among the men and thereby inflict wounds or death. Instead of crushing their spirit, however, these acts incited the captives to fight harder for life and vengeance. The prisoners constantly sought to escape, and a surprisingly large number of successful break-outs incurred. Silas Talbot, who thus regained his liberty, promptly rejoined the army and when the war ended was said to have "eight large and 127 small notches on his rifle-stock.[39]

In 1780 Philip Freneau, the New Jersey poet (1752-1832), was imprisoned about six weeks in prison ships, first in the *Scorpion* and later aboard the *Hunter*. He had been captured aboard the privateer *Aurora* off Cape Henlopen in May of that year.[40] That his captivity made a deep impression is evident from his poem, "The British Prison Ship," a portion from which four-canto work follows:

[38]Booth, *op.cit.*, II, 534.
[39]*Ibid.*, 536.
[40]The circumstances are related by Philip M. Marsh, *op.cit.* (Note 3), 211.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,
Two further south affront the pitying eye;
There the black *Scorpion* at her moorings rides,
There, Strombolo swings, yielding to the tides,
Here bulky *Jersey* fills a larger space,
And *Hunter,* to all hospitals disgrace.
Thou, *Scorpion,* fatal to thy crowded throng,
Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,
Requir'st my lay—thy sultry decks I know,
And all the torments that exist below.
The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills,
Drained through her bottom in a thousand rills;
Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,
Scarce on the waters she sustains her bones.
Here, doomed to toil, or founder in the tide,
At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd;
Here, doomed to starve, like famish'd dogs we tore
The scant allowance that our tyrants bore.
When to the ocean dives the western sun,
And the scorch'd Tories fire their evening gun,
"Down, rebels, down!" the angry Scotchmen cry,
"Damn'd dogs, descend, or by our broadswords die!"
Hail, dark abode! What can with thee compare?
Heat, sickness, famine, death and stagnant air—
Swift from the guarded decks we rush'd along,
And vainly sought repose—so vast our throng.[41]

A quarter-century after the Revolution, in 1808, twenty hogsheads of human bones were collected from the shores of the Wallabout. As late as 1841, prisoners' remains were still to be found in and around the site of the present navy yard. That same year, some workmen while digging found a skeleton having a

[41]Quoted at Booth, *op.cit.,* II, 536. Another writer gives a poetic quotation of the prisoners' plight as follows:

Let the dark *Scorpion's* hulk narrate
The dismal tale of English hate;
Her horrid scenes let *Jersey* tell,
And the mock the shades where demons dwell:
There shrieks of pain, and dying groan,
Unheeded fell on ears of stone.—J. M. Scott

as reprinted by Henry Onderdonk, Jr., *Revolutionary Incidents of Suffolk and Kings Counties* (New York, 1849), p. 206.

pair of iron manacles still on its wrists.[42] A tall monument honoring the memory of the thousands of Americans who lost their lives on these vessels stands in Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn. Known as the "Prison-Ship Martyrs' Monument," it was dedicated in 1908 before President-elect William Howard Taft and a great concourse of citizens.[43]

Indifference and Resolution

Neither of the successive British commanding generals in America who served for most of the war—Sir William Howe, 1776-1778, and Sir Henry Clinton, 1778-1782—ever seemed to learn how savagely American prisoners were being treated. Washington long believed it deliberate enemy policy to mistreat captives in order to disable survivors from military service when exchanged. While at Morristown, he wrote Howe on January 13, 1777, stating that exchanged rebel prisoners gave "the most shocking account of their barbarous usage, which their miserable, emaciated countenances confirm. How very different was their appearance from that of your soldiers, who have been lately returned to you, after a captivity of twelve months. . . If you are determined to make captivity as distressing as possible . . . let me know it, that we may be upon equal terms, for your conduct must and shall mark mine."[44]

Throughout the war Washington had to protest repeatedly the ill-treatment of American prisoners. His letters produced little effect other than indignant denials, indicating that the British high command had no idea of what was going on or simply did not care. In the spring of 1777 he refused to send back healthy British soldiers for 2200 Americans who arrived in such condition that many died, and most of the others were fit only for the hospital.[45]

[42]Benjamin F. Thompson, *History of Long Island* (New York, 1843), I, 244n.
[43]*de Halve Maen* (New York) Vol. 33, No. 4, p. 8 (January 1959).
[44]*The Writings of George Washington*, W. C. Ford ed. (New York, 1890), V, 169.
[45]Montross, *op.cit.* (Note 23), 252.

With Americans captured at sea it was even worse. Correspondence initiated for the exchange of sailors, mostly privateersmen, was largely unproductive because such prisoners were independent of the Continental service. Congress was reluctant to release captive British soldiers in good physical condition for American seamen, since such an exchange would only build up enemy strength without corresponding benefit to the Revolutionary army. The exchange principle settled by negotiation contained tables of equivalents by which, for example, a general officer was worth 1040 privates; basically, officers were supposed to be exchanged for officers, soldiers for soldiers, seamen for seamen. The Americans had few naval prisoners, however, and Washington had no control over the marine department.[46] English liberals are credited with improving prison conditions of rebel sailors confined in that country.[47]

Although treatment improved somewhat under Clinton, the welfare of American captives depended to a considerable extent on the number of British and Hessian prisoners in American hands. Washington came to believe that only fear of retaliation against these men kept the enemy within bounds. This conviction explains his solicitude for the captured Burgoyne. In a letter to Congress, he expressed concern about Burgoyne's ill health, stating that the Briton's death would prove costly in terms of captured American officers and men exchangeable for him. Fortunately, Gentleman Johnny lived to become part of the exchange process and this, together with the surrender of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, may have saved many patriots from lingering death.

In several instances retaliatory measures proved effective when visited, not upon the captive British rank and file, but on their officers. Soon after Ethan Allen, captured near Montreal in September 1775, had been taken to England in irons, his countrymen

[46]Booth, *op-cit.*, II, 539.

[47]For text of an open letter appearing in the *London Gazette* in the fall of 1776, beseeching the Mayor to remedy the situation of American seamen confined in port below decks in their own captured privateer *Yankee,* see Rawson, *op.cit.* (Note 24), p. 315.

imprisoned General Richard Prescott in a jail for felons. Prescott, who had mistreated Allen and was himself taken prisoner at Montreal, was traded for the able American general, John Sullivan, late in 1776. Allen was returned to America, imprisoned for a time in New York, paroled and eventually exchanged at the time of Valley Forge. British generals were further disposed to reform their system when a high-ranking fellow-officer in captivity, Sir Archibald Campbell, wrote in February 1777 that he was " . . . lodged in a dungeon of twelve or thirteen feet square, whose sides are black with the grease and litter of successive criminals."[48]

That the patriots treated British and Hessian captives humanely throughout the war, despite great provocation, is clear. Retaliation, while often threatened, was never adopted as a matter of general policy. The eminent British historian Lecky declares it is " . . . but justice to the Americans to add that, except in their dealings with their loyal fellow-countrymen, their conduct during the war appears to have been almost uniformly humane. No charges of neglect of prisoners, such as those which were brought, apparently with too good reason, against the English were substantiated against them."[49]

While the 18th century is thought a highly civilized "age of reason" and Britain one of its leading exemplars, the mistreatment of American prisoners was nevertheless in keeping with the severity of the period. At the time of the Revolution, 160 crimes were declared to be felonies without benefit of clergy, that is, worthy of instant death. American rebels incurred liability to drastic sanctions which, indeed, the North ministry had obtained special authority to impose whenever expedient. Small wonder, then, for the indifference so long displayed by British commanders to the shameful manner in which their prisoners were treated. While Howe and Clinton no doubt were cultivated and honorable men, incapable of personal brutality, they exhibited an in-

[48]Montross, *op.cit.*, 184.

[49]William E. H. Lecky, *History of England in the 18th Century* (London, 1882), IV, 100.

excusable capacity to look the other way while Cunningham and his kind inflicted degradation and death upon so many Americans.

On their part, Americans who fought in the patriot forces had to be realists and idealists, for without both qualities in good measure they could not have endured or attained their object against overwhelming odds. Perhaps because of the simpler realities of colonial times, the men knew what they were fighting for and knew that, in war, soldiers die and if captured are liable to mistreatment. The Revolution being essentially a war of ideas, those who espoused independence could not be made to forget the cause even when made prisoner and forced to undergo great suffering. In the makeshift jails and on prison ships, the men generally showed little disposition to give up. They took care of one another as best they could, seldom stopped trying to escape, and mostly resisted all efforts to sway their allegiance. Their story is both a tragic and inspiring one, which latter-day Americans would do well to ponder.

Artie's Newark: Memories of the 1880's

POLITICAL TORCHLIGHT PARADES

ARTHUR B. PRICE

The 1880's were not so long after the Civil War that the military spirit had died. Especially in presidential election years, big boys on the verge of manhood formed themselves into marching clubs, soldier fashion, to aid their party. This was true of the year 1884, when Cleveland was opposing Blaine and loyal little Republican boys sang their dislike for the Democratic candidate to the tune of John Brown's Body, the words of the first line being: "Hang Grover Cleveland on a sour apple tree." The Democratic boys retaliated with: "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine, The Continental Liar from the State of Maine."

For the Republicans Frederick Frelinghuysen reorganized his already existing Engineer Corps into the Frelinghuysen Lancers, and Mr. Wilkinson, of Wilkinson, Gaddis and Company, Newark's wholesale flour company, created a marching club for the Democrats. A third marching club was the Wilson Battery, Democratic too.

The parades, of course, always were at night. Artie's big brother was a Lancer, and once he took Artie to the Orange Street Armory, where the parade formed. Each man took a torch from a stack and donned a white oilcloth cape, the latter not only to give him a distinct appearance in the dark but to

The Writer, who spent his childhood in the Newark that is here described, and is now living in retirement in Maine, has contributed to earlier issues of the *Proceedings* other chapters of his book-length reminiscences, which he calls "Artie's Newark of the 1880's."

protect him from leaky torches. A snare drum and a bass drum beat the assembly. "Fall in, fall in!" shouted the officers. The fifes of the Fife and Drum Corps shrilled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and off they went.

Most often Artie was at home when the distant sound of the fifes and drums came to his ears. After that nothing but chains could have kept him in. He was at Broad and Court Streets when the Lancers went by. Wide, dark Broad Street made an ideal parade ground for a torchlight procession. The far-spaced feeble street gas lamps intruded not at all, and horsecars were few. Artie, proudly carrying a red-globed kerosene lantern that had cost his father fifty cents, was ready to tag along after the procession.

Newark loved these torchlight parades of men in semi-uniform, the little boys undoubtedly loving them most of all. The undulating sea of torches was thrilling to behold. The long ranks of men would break into shorter ranks and again divide, sometimes marching at angles, sometimes circling, always gracefully resuming their original formation. When time came for a halt, and a beer saloon was near, the "soldiers" would make for it, putting out their torches for the moment, and have an uproarious time. Artie knew, because his house was across the street from a saloon where a parade sometimes halted.

Artie was nothing loath to witness the parades of the Wilkinson Guards, Republican though he was. Great was the rivalry of the Lancers and Guards, the one organization trying to be more spectacular than the other in parading. The Guards had the advantage of being most times accompanied by the Wilson Battery. The "battery" was a four-foot brass cannon mounted on an army gun carriage. Ropes fastened to it were pulled by perhaps a hundred men, each man carrying a red-globed lantern. Every so often in the parade the cannon would be wheeled out of line and fired. At such times Artie's cup of happiness was full.

One night the Wilson Battery did an unusual thing. It cut out of the parade at Broad and Court Streets, leaving the Guards

to continue down Broad Street, through Clinton Avenue and up High Street. Artie found out that the Battery planned to climb Court Street and salute the Guards at the junction of Court and High. Time was short and Court Street hill steep. The fifes and drums of the Guards could be heard in the High Street distance, and it looked as though the Battery might be too late. "Double quick, men!" commanded an officer, and the sweating "soldiers" strained as they pulled the cannon rope. Artie was with them as they reached High Street just in time. The cannon was loaded and the lanyard made ready. As the first of the Guards went by, an officer of the Battery gave the command: "Fire!" ... "Bang!" went the cannon. Artie was so sweetly in tune with it that at the "Bang!" he and the cannon were one.

The 1860 Election Campaign

An Excerpt

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

Of the rest of the memorable Presidential canvass of 1860, it would be useless here to say more. It still stands out in my memory with awful clearness; and for me it was distinctly educational. It was a demonstrative campaign, and, in recalling its events, a lurid glare seems reflected from the light of innumerable torches against an ominous gathering of heavy lowering clouds. Nor is this a case of present imagination casting a shadow backwards; it was an actuality. The campaign of 1860 was essentially a midnight demonstration — it was the "Wide-awake" canvass of rockets, illuminations and torch-light processions. Every night was marked by its tumult, shouting, marching and countermarching, the reverberation of explosives and the rush of rockets and Roman candles. The future was reflected on the skies. But of the tremendous nature of that future, we then had no conception. We all dwelt in a fool's Paradise. It is a source of amazement now to realize our own short-sightedness; for, however much people may since have educated themselves to believe that they foresaw everything, and looked for exactly what afterwards took place, it is all pure self-deception—cases of wisdom after the event. We were, all around, of an average blindness. I know it was so in the case of Seward and my father; as it was absolutely so in that of Sumner. We knew nothing of the South, had no realizing sense of the intensity of feeling which there prevailed: we fully believed it would all end in gasconade.

Charles Francis Adams 1835-1915, An Autobiography (Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916), pp. 69-70. Excerpt printed courtesy of the publisher.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

HISTORY FROM SEVERAL ANGLES

It is a curiosity of the present age that editors are often pitied for the anonymous character of their calling. Fame being generally in the business of tossing laurels to the deserving and the undeserving, there are those who believe that a stray leaf should alight now and then on an editor's head. Consider, they say, the case of Mr. H— K—, whose editorials in the *New York Herald Tribune* have delighted more people, probably, than those of any other writer of our day. Is it not a matter for regret that no one knows what he has written?

* * *

Thoughts of this kind have occasionally been entertained by the present writer, but he entertains them now no more. The cloak of anonymity that he wears in these pages is so transparent that it would not be considered adequate clothing even by the Emperor in Hans Andersen's story; and he finds himself looking with new appreciation at those impenetrable garments of other editors, which defend them from the consequences of their follies and give them the semblance of wise and benevolent counselors who inspire trust and invite confidences.

Take the letters that flow in a mighty torrent into the editorial offices of newspapers. They cannot be said, at the office of the *Proceedings,* to flow at all. It is perhaps hasty to conclude from this that people are more inclined to write letters to the nameless than to the named, but the fact, however it is to be explained, is disconcerting. The Printer has set up a fine new page to carry

correspondence, the Editor has asked for an expression of opinion on the name of the magazine and other matters of interest to the members of the Society, and thus far two communications have come in. What more can we do?

* * *

We were pleased to see, in Mr. Humelsine's entertaining address which appears in this issue, a handsome reference to Dr. Walter Muir Whitehill, who spoke so interestingly at Haddonfield in June on the duties and distractions of historical societies at the Society's annual conference. Both Mr. Humelsine and Dr. Whitehill are profoundly anxious to preserve the dignity of historical celebrations—a matter of some interest to Jerseymen as our tercentennial year advances to meet us. Members of this Society will doubtless approve the lofty position envisioned by Mr. Humelsine for history on occasions of this kind. It would be interesting to know whether they would consign commerce (and its attendant entertainments) to as low a plane as our two visitors would like to; whether, indeed, the effect of champagne and pretty girls on historical celebrations is viewed with as much apprehension in New Jersey as it seems to be in Virginia and Massachusetts.

* * *

There is a good deal of commerce and entertainment, as well as history, in an extract that the Editor found recently in his predecessor's unexhausted store of treasures. It is taken from a travel journal kept by Ebenezer Hazard (1774/5-1817), historical editor and Postmaster General of the United States, 1782-1789. The original manuscript is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, which has kindly permitted us to print the following excerpt:

"Monday March 1st. 1773. Set out from New York . . . for Albany. . . . Roads very bad; got safe to Hackinsack the Capital of Bergen County, N. Jersey. Doctr. Magraw says he would rather live in Hackinsack; than die, & he would rather be a Teawater Man's Horse than live at Hackinsack; but notwithstanding we met with very good Usage at Hackinsack, at [Archibald] Campbell's where we lodged. At Hackinsack Ferry called at a Tavern where was a lying in Woman; she was brought to bed about two Hours before we got there. Hackinsack is pretty large for a Country Town: Houses are of Stone & have a very neat Appearance." The next morning Hazard and his party "Breakfasted at [Jacob] Hopper's [in Ho-Ho-Kus]; never ate a sweeter breakfast."

* * *

"Tea-water", should any one be puzzled by the term, means merely "tea". Tea-water was drunk in *The Heart of Midlothian,* as the Oxford Dictionary notes, but in an oddly uncomfortable way out of porringers; what the life of a tea man's horse may be like the Editor would not venture to imagine.

ANTIQUER'S ATTIC

MARGARET E. WHITE

Readers of the *Proceedings* need no introduction to Julia Sabine, Supervising Art and Music Librarian at the Newark Public Library. Many readers will recall Miss Sabine's scholarly researches on "Silversmiths of New Jersey, 1623-1800", which appeared in the *Proceedings* for July and October, 1943. Her article on "Books and Libraries in Newark to 1847" was published in October, 1953, and was followed in July, 1957, by an article on "Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Buildings." "Timothy Cole and the Century," also by Miss Sabine, was published in the *Library Quarterly* for July, 1952.

Julia Sabine studied at Cornell and Yale Universities; at the Institut d'Art et d'Archeologie; and received her doctorate from the University of Chicago.

As Miss Sabine suggests in the following article, the value of autographs to the researcher is, perhaps, too little appreciated. One small, chance bit of information gleaned from a scrap of paper may throw into focus some important but unsuspected fact.

NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY AUTOGRAPHS AS A SOURCE FOR NEW JERSEY HISTORY

JULIA SABINE

While methods of transcribing and reproducing materials of all kinds can bring the contents of libraries and archives to the desk of the scholar, there is nothing to compare with the thrill that comes with seeing and handling an original letter or document direct from the hand of the writer. Centuries of time, miles of space are obliterated, and the viewer is in direct contact with a famous person of a special period or country. It is this directness which gives autograph collecting its appeal.

Youngsters may collect signed photographs of screen stars, popular singers or sports figures. Older people may collect autographs along their lines of special interest — presidents, statesmen, musicians, the Civil War, literary figures, and so on. In a small way, the Newark Public Library has also been collect-

ing autographs, which are housed in a file in the Art Department.

The Library has not been especially active in collecting autographs, but has had several gifts from friends, and culls interesting items from regular library correspondence. The J. Ackerman Coles gift included a miscellaneous group of literary and political signatures and letters. A collection of letters from musicians came as a gift from Lowell I. Brigham. In the Whittle gift of engravings there was correspondence relating to the problems of magazine illustration, which gave a unique insight into the processes of the work and the mind of the artist.

Since the reorganization of the collection about ten years ago, a few general policies for permanent inclusion in the Library's autograph collection have evolved. Letters and signatures of people who are part of the Newark and New Jersey scene, or items that give interesting or unusual information about the city and state, are kept regardless of importance on the national scene. Since there were comparatively few items which related to the early history of the United States—except for four letters from Robert Morris on financial matters, dated 1794 and 1799, and a letter about accommodations for members of Congress in Philadelphia, dated July 30, 1790 —, a few items which show handwriting and paper of the early period and which have New Jersey connections were purchased and added to the collection.

The earliest of these is dated July 30, 1776, the place Upper Freehold, and consists of a double page with two inventories, each attested by Elisha Lawrence, Peter Imlay and Barzil [lus] Grover. When the double page is opened, part of the upper left hand sheet is missing, but since the writing of the inventory is reversed, the signatures are complete. One inventory is of the estate of William Gisibertson, whose goods were forfeit, since he had deserted. Creditors "friendly to the American cause" and to the "support of the present dispute between the Colonies and the British Ministry" would profit from the confiscation. The unfortunate Gisibertson had 80 bushels of wheat, ten tons of hay, 70 bushels of rye, and five bushels of oats, 40 acres of green corn, plows, a flax harrow; a slay; cutting box, forks, rakes and shovels; 15 sheep, two cattle, six horses, 29 hogs and pigs; pots and "kittles", waggons, beds and bedding, chairs, tables, a chest, one Negro man and one girl, and 12 cash [cask?]. The other inventory is of the real and personal property of Anthony Woodward, whose property was forfeit for the same reason. He owned a "plantation" — part of the Plimstead and a portion of Grover's tract. His property was much like the first, except that he had hay, rye and corn only, and he also owned a "settle" and "kitchen furniture." This double inventory is interesting as shedding light on the fate of Tory sympathizers, and for the specific references to furnish-

ings of a farm. One wonders if there is a connection between the Grover who signed the inventory and the Grover from whom Woodward bought land. Is there a story here?

In point of time, the next item is dated 1785, and is a financial statement signed by Elias Boudinot, for the estate of James Caldwell, the famous pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Connecticut Farms (*Plate 4*). Evidently, Dr. Ichabod Barnet had borrowed money from the estate and Boudinot kept the amounts in writing. In 1780, 160 dollars was paid for lottery tickets. And on April 11, 1781, Barnet evidently borrowed £37/10 shillings, for 100 bushels of wheat, on which the interest to date was £9/11 shillings. This document, of course, is more interesting for the signature than for any other purpose, but one wonders who won the lottery in 1781.

A group of items, purchased in 1958, brought into the collection two communications dated 1791 from Henry Knox, Secretary of War, to Jonathan Dayton of Elizabethtown. The letters were written in a different hand, probably that of a clerk, and signed "H. Knox." The first letter is dated April 15, and Mr. Knox regrets that the surgeon's mate had already been appointed, a Dr. Phillips of Trenton. "Archibald Gifford at Newark has been appointed the contractor to furnish the recruits." The second letter *(Plate 5)*, dated April 29, discusses the matter of appointing a "proper person belonging to the State of New Jersey to be an Ensign." Mr. Knox does not believe it proper to appoint Mr. Marschall [?] who is of the State of New York."

The third item in this group is a list of the officers of the Jersey Line transmitted by the Secretary of War to Jonathan Dayton. This is a large double sheet with the names of the men of the First Regiment on the first leaf, and the Second Regiment on the second leaf. Colonel Matthias Ogden enlisted January 1, 1777; Lt. Colonel Francis Barber, enlistment date unknown, was killed; Major John N. Cummings was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 2nd Regiment, and Captain John Foreman was promoted in November 1781. Captain Giles Meade was "deranged." Among the Lieutenants, Samuel Shepherd resigned, William Hersey was "in service," and Ensign Cornelius Suydam was also "now in service." The roll of the 2nd Regiment follows the same pattern, giving enlistment dates, promotions, resignations, etc. This list of the Jersey Line may be of use to research workers in tracking down information on men or families of this period, where documentation is not always extensive.

Another figure of this period is Alexander Hamilton, who certainly spent a portion of his life in New Jersey when he was in "General Washington's family." The collection includes a letter from Hamilton to Thomas Fitzsimmons, men-

tioning the Mingo Creek Society. This is dated 1794. In addition, there is a letter from Hamilton's widow, Elizabeth (the Betsy Schuyler whom he courted in Morristown), addressed to Mr. Clymer. She speaks of wanting the biography of Clymer's father, and wishes to know where Colonel Tilghman's papers are. At the time of writing, Mrs. Hamilton was on her way to New York to meet her brother.

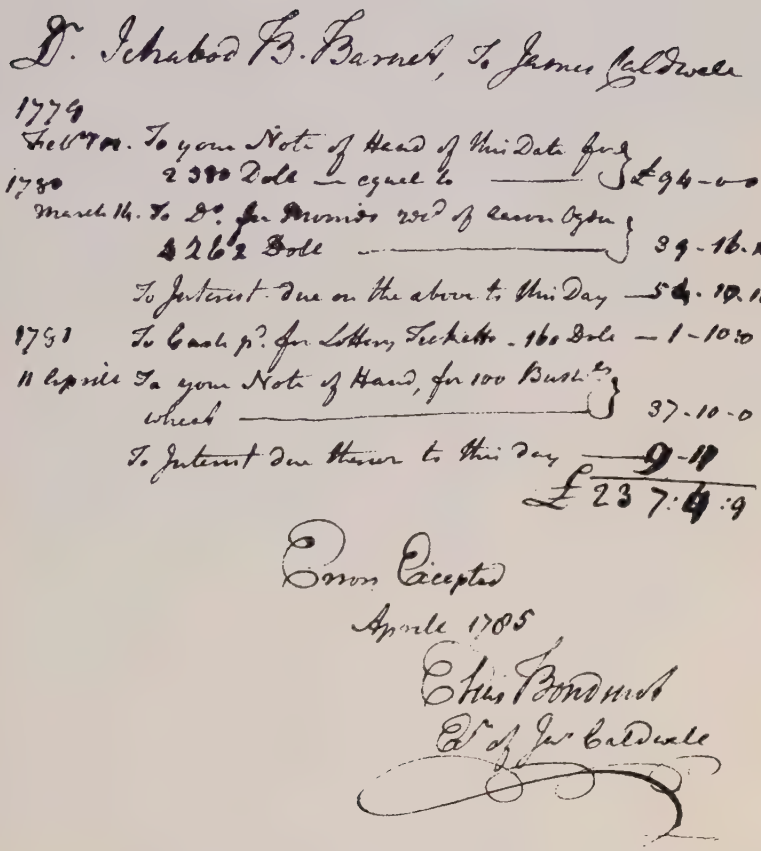
Early in the 19th Century, Judge Ewing wrote from Trenton to Jacob Thomson, to say that Ewing was sending the 12 copies of *New Jersey Justice,* in Mr. Howell's waggons. The books in three packets will be sent on by stage from Howell's son. The price of the books at $2.50 each comes to $30.00, which payment can be sent by "first safe opportunity."

In point of time, the next interesting letter is from Daniel Fenton, the printer, to Judge Thomson, enclosing a catalogue of books for sale, and promising prompt service. Fenton is planning to dispose of his stock at reduced prices, and will hold a "publick auction." This letter is on a small piece of paper, folded for delivery, and a bit of the original sealing wax remains.

Jumping to the middle of the century, the Museum has, in the Coles gift, two letters from Winfield Scott, later to be a general in the Civil War. Both of these letters are holographs, both dated 1846. They are addressed to "Friend Davies." In 1839, Scott was a candidate for the presidential nomination, and again in 1848 his name was mentioned. Any research worker interested in the political maneuvering of this period will find hints and allusions to talks, suppers, etc., which went on to promote Scott's name; there is also mention of the probability of war with Mexico. In addition to these two letters, there is a signature of Scott used as a frank on an envelope to a young boy in Cincinnati.

Young people, nowadays, probably don't read the novels of Amanda M. Douglas, an authoress of Newark. She wrote a number of girl's stories, many of them laid in the metropolitan area in earlier days. In *Hannah Ann* there is a description of a visit to Newark, which gives us some information about Captain James Alden, a well-known Newark sea captain. As the years go by, Miss Douglas' novels will have a nostalgic charm and will be used by research workers for the light they shed on reading habits, society, and the attitude of the turn of the century toward earlier periods. In the general course of the Newark Public Library's correspondence, Miss Douglas invited John Cotton Dana, the chief librarian, to an affair at which several New Jersey authors were to read from their works. She says, "I didn't gather up half of them, some were bashful and couldn't exploit their voices, some never read in public and some I guess didn't want to."

These are the most interesting items in the Library's autograph


D. Ichabod B. Barnet, To James Caldwell

1779
Feb'y 14. To your Note of Hand of this Date for
1780 2380 Dolls — equal to ——— £94-0-0
March 14. To D°. for Interest rec'd of Lewis Ogden
4262 Dolls ——— 39-16-8
To Interest Due on the above to this Day — 54-10-11
1791 To Cash p'. for Lottery Ticketts - 160 Dolls — 1-10-0
11 April To your Note of Hand, for 100 Bush'. Wheat ——— 37-10-0
To Interest Due thereon to this Day — 9-11
£237:4:9

Errors Excepted
April 1795
Elias Boudinot
Ex'r of Jas Caldwell

Plate 4. Financial statement (1785) signed by Elias Boudinot, for the estate of James Caldwell. *(Photostat courtesy of the Newark Public Library, Newark, N. J.)*

War department April 29th 1791.

Sir.

Having confided to you the entire recommendation of the officers of the two companies I have not thought myself at liberty to deviate therefrom in any instance. If therefore Mr. Gamble has not accepted, and if you know a proper person belonging to the State of Jersey to be an Ensign, I request the favor of you to appoint him to act, and I will forward him his commission on his obtaining his proportion of recruits — and as there are several Characters in West Jersey who are desirous of the appointment I conceive it would not be proper to appoint Mr. Marschalk who is of the State of New York.

I am Sir

Your most obedient Servt

Captain Jonathan Dayton
Elizabeth town —

Knox

Plate 5. Letter (1791) from Henry Knox, Secretary of War, to Captain Jonathan Dayton of Elizabethtown. *(Photostat courtesy of the Newark Public Library, Newark, N. J.)*

Lithograph, c. 1860

collection because of date or content. However, these form only a small portion of collection which may shed light on our times for future historians and research workers. For example in 1934, the New Jersey Library Association invited New Jersey authors of the day to send greetings or words of interest to the Association in convention. Mr. Max Herzberg was the chairman of this project, and eventually he gave all the notes and signatures to the Library. Some were merely greetings with the signature and were filed with other simple signatures. But people like Temple Bailey, Lewis Browne, Edward Corwin, Howard Garis, Lillian Gilbreth, Josephine Lawrence and Arthur Stringer took time to write a little more. There are also letters from political figures such as Senator Case, Mayor Jerome Congleton, Walter S. Gray, Vice-Chancellor James E. Howell; from well-known figures like Thomas A. Edison and his son Charles; from Frederick, Joseph E. and Theodore Frelinghuysen, Richard C. Jenkinson, Nathan Kussy, Robert, Thomas N. and Uzal McCarter; from educational leaders like John Grier Hibben and Samuel Farrand; from artists like F. S. King, Gustave Kruell, Bernar Gussow, Louis Lozowick. One of our prized modern letters is a typed letter, signed by Albert Einstein while he lived in Princeton.

The Newark Library's autograph collection is not very large, nor would it ever try to compete with some of the great collections. There is interesting information in it, which can be of value in several different ways. Authenticity can be settled by comparison with a true signature, or specimen of handwriting. Dated letters and documents can give proof that a certain person was alive at a certain date, as was found recently in an attempt to track down what had happened to a specific collection of thimbles. There are sidelights on times of the far and near past which are valuable as clues to the temper of the period. Sometimes a missing letter in a correspondence turns up in our files. Autographs have been used to put in exhibits as examples of handwriting or of the writer's thought. The contents of this collection may be exploited in various ways according to the needs and interests of the investigator, subject only to the necessary precautions for safeguarding unique materials.

OF BOOKS AND THINGS

WILLIAM H. GAINES, JR.

BOOK REVIEWS

Of the reviewers in this issue, Mr. Durdin is an assistant professor of education at Rutgers University and a transportation history enthusiast; Professor Wilson, chairman of the Department of Social Science, State College, Glassboro, New Jersey, is author of *The Jersey Shore* and a Fellow of the New Jersey Historical Society; Dr. Berg is a Trustee and member of the Education Committee of the Society.

The Electric Interurban Railways in America. By George W. Hilton and John F. Due. (Stanford, Cal., Stanford University Press, 1960. 463 pages.)

The age of the interurban electric railways, seen as an epoch in American transportation history, lasted a little over twenty years. Although longer than the heyday of the canal period or that of the pony express, its existence was short-lived considering the extent and expense of its operations. To distinguish the interurban from railroads in general, or from other electric railroads, the authors of this work give a definition early in their story: an electric railway providing inter-city transportation with primary emphasis on passenger service, operating not only on the streets of cities but also along highways or along private rights-of-way in rural areas, and using cars that were heavier and faster than ordinary street cars.

This is a superbly written history of the interurban era, and it is the only one that covers the whole field. Several parochial histories of particular lines have been written in the past, but this is the first comprehensive coverage of the period.

The volume is much more than a sentimental review of a romantic form of transportation (the big cars swinging through the countryside, carrying their passengers to market, to school, and to visit). It is a competent economic history, which deals with such topics as government regulations, financing, and traffic load. The decline and eventual abandonment of the interurban are dealt with in detail, and the authors give several reasons for its demise.

The general use of the automobile (and the bus on the public highway) was a primary cause. But the lag in productivity per worker in the interurban industry, at a time when the cost of services was rising, was another important factor stressed. Other reasons offered for the disappearance of interurbans included the Federal laws of the 1930's, divorcing transportation from power companies; the unfriendly attitude of some municipalities, the failure to develop new

and more efficient equipment as the older cars wore out; and the psychology of obsolescence.

New Jersey did not rate high in mileage on the list of states having interurban electric railways. Indeed, the northeast, relatively thickly settled, had adequate steam railroad service, as well as some local street railway lines, before the coming of this era. The mid-west—especially Ohio and Indiana—was the land of the interurban. The Public Service opened a "Fast Line" from Newark to Trenton in 1913, but through service was discontinued only eleven years later. Several other New Jersey traction companies which operated interurban service are listed in the extensive geographical coverage in Part II of the book.

There are sixteen pages of pictures showing a variety of cars used by lines in different parts of the country, and the authors have been generous with maps showing states and regions where interurban lines flourished. We are told that the longest interurban ride was 1,087 miles, from Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, to Oneonta, New York. Only two short breaks prevented travel on to New York City.

In these days of thru-ways, freeways and turnpikes, only an occasional abandoned right-of-way is left to remind us of this ambitious but short-lived form of transportation that was born too late. Hilton and Due's book, although almost encyclopedic in nature, is a fascinating one for any one interested in American transportation history.

—Richard Gerry Durdin

Smugglers' Woods: Journeys and Jaunts in Colonial and Revolutionary New Jersey. By Arthur D. Pierce. (New Brunswick, N. J., Rutgers University Press, 1960. xiii, 322 pages.)

The many readers who enjoyed *Iron in the Pines* are now provided with another source of pleasure in the same author's *Smugglers' Woods.* The new book recounts, in well-expressed detail, the story of smugglers along the Jersey shore who became privateers after the Revolution started. The work also includes a new look at Caspar Wistar and Wistarberg glass, a good analysis of the Greenwich Tea Party, a long-needed telling of the story of Philip Fithian and his "Cohansie" love, an excellent interpretation of the role of the tavern as a part of the background to the Revolution, a definitive account of salt production from sea water in colonial New Jersey, and a new evaluation of the role of William Franklin (Ben's natural son) in the episode involving the murder of Joshua Huddy.

The author's style of expression is admirable. The book is replete with succinct, colorful phrases and pungent comments — all evidence of Mr. Pierce's newspaper experience. Joseph Ball, long a manager of the Batsto Iron Works, is described as a man with "the face of a cherub and a mind as sharp as a steel trap" (p. 61). Reference is made (p. 174) to Philip Fithian's "incandescent intellect" (the book is dedicated in part to his memory). The ferry ride across the Cohansey

at Greenwich is characterized as an adventure in which "one's fellow passengers might be mooing, baaing, braying, mumbling or even snoring" (p. 128).

In like manner, the author quotes to good effect vivid comments from the source material. The Cooper Litle salt works at Little Egg Harbor, for example, "must have been a dismal place since it depressed even Sam Cooper [who wrote] 'the men . . . stood it admirable concidering wet feet from morning till night and no Rum.'" (pp. 248-249).

Smugglers' Woods is the product of painstaking research, and it is fortified by a wide and skillful use of source material. The author has "mined" with good results the Philadelphia Salt Works Papers at the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the unpublished papers of Philip Fithian in the Princeton University Library. He has even unearthed, in the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, a manuscript letter proving that Tories instigated the British attacks on shore salt works (pp. 228-229).

In a number of instances, Mr. Pierce presents new emphases and adopts new viewpoints in his approach to state and national history. He suggests, for example, that one influential reason for Washington's pardon of the British hostage Asgill, in the Joshua Huddy affair, was the General's fear that the French might make a separate agreement with Britain which would have "tricked the United States out of its independence" (p. 274). New light is offered on the role of Philip Fithian in the Greenwich Tea Party (pp. 141-142), on the background of the break between Ben Franklin and his son William (p. 266), and on the significance of the Battle of Chestnut Neck. With reference to the latter, the author declares, "It was peace, not war, that made a ghost town of the little village on the Mullica . . ." (p. 55).

The value of the work is enhanced by an appendix entitled "A Tavern Guide for Colonial Tourists", compiled from various sources, which shows the dates when the inns were in operation. Also included is a good collection of illustration (p. 178 *et seq.*), including pictures of typical privateers, a reproduction of Fithian's signature and a view of his home in Greenwich, portraits of some of the men mentioned in the book, a specimen page from the Caspar Wistar 1741 Account Book, and views of four oldtime Jersey taverns — none of them in the area denoted as "Smugglers' Woods".

Despite the general excellence of the book, a few reservations should be mentioned. The title, to begin with, does not seem completely appropriate. "Smugglers' Woods" is not a term of wide acceptance, although the author refers to it as if it were a definite location. He defines the area (p. 21) by saying it "embraced much of the Delaware Bay shoreline as well as the

coastal strip from the Mullica southward" (p. 21); yet much of the material in the book deals with other locations. The Huddy affair, for example, took place around Toms River (north of the Mullica) and New York Bay; the story of the taverns, too, is concerned for the most part with hostelries at Burlington, Mount Holly, Princeton, New Brunswick, Hackensack, Haddonfield and Gloucester. The subtitle is perhaps more fitting for the contents of the book: "Jaunts and Journeys in Colonial and Revolutionary New Jersey." The fact that the author's *Iron in the Pines* was built entirely around the iron industries of the Pines gave it more impact.

Nor does the final chapter bring the book to a conclusive ending. It does not bring one back to "Smugglers' Woods". Entitled "George, Be King", it deals primarily with the basic party situation in Britain and with the background events of the Revolution, and its connection to "Smugglers' Woods" is far-fetched.

Lesser shortcoming are few. A contemporary quotation is footnoted from a secondary source (p. 37), probably because the original was not available. The present reviewer's own two-volume work, *The Jersey Shore* (1953), is cited in a footnote, but it is not listed in the rather complete bibliography.

These, however, are minor drawbacks. *Smugglers' Woods* provides another readable and authoritative avenue into New Jersey's past. Mr. Pierce is to be thanked and congratulated for his latest contribution to the history of our State.

—Harold F. Wilson

Help-Bringers: Versatile Physicians of New Jersey. By Fred B. Rogers, M. D. (New York: The Vantage Press, Inc., 1960. 125 pages.)

Dr. Fred B. Rogers is the latest of four generations of practicing physicians associated with the New Jersey side of the Delaware River. His non-professional activities include teaching medical history in Philadelphia's Temple University College of Medicine and contributing essays about the state's pioneer physicians to the *Journal of the Medical Society of New Jersey.* Some of these essays appear in *Help-Bringer,* a book of verbal portraits of a dozen physicians who gained distinction—or notoriety—for conspicuous accomplishments or eccentricities in other fields. It is because of their multiple accomplishments that the subtitle of the book is "Versatile Physicians of New Jersey."

It is interesting to learn that seventeen of the first hundred members of the Medical Society of New Jersey were elected to Federal or State Legislatures, and that seven were also clergymen. At a time when serving an apprenticeship with a practicing physician was the only requirement for entering the healing profession, it is not surprising that an appreciable number of men with a keen interest in com-

munity affairs, and of men whom the sick sought for solace, should become doctors of medicine.

Among those who appear in this book are: Dr. Robert McKean, medical missionary and first president of the Medical Society of New Jersey; Dr. Jonathan Odell, implacable Tory who was involved in the Benedict Arnold treachery; Dr. Nicholas Belleville, French-born aristocrat and friend of Washington and Pulaski; Dr. Ezra Mundy Hunt, one of the organizers of the New Jersey Board of Health and an internationally renowned epidemiologist; Dr. Cyrus Fogg Brackett, founder of Princeton University's School of Electrical Engineering and also friend and advisor to Thomas Alva Edison.

Much of the material pertains to medical matters and to the activities of the Medical Society of New Jersey, founded in 1776, the oldest such organization in this country. Much more pertains to military, political, business and church affairs, so that this book should appeal to every one interested in the State's history. Additional reading is facilitated by a list of references at the end of each chapter.—Samuel Berg, M. D.

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I. East Jersey under the Proprietary Governments: A Narrative of Events Connected with the Settlement and Progress of the Providence, until the Surrender of the Government to the Crown in 1703. *By William A. Whitehead,* 1846. *Second Edition,* 1875.

II. The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; Major General in the Army of the United States, during the Revolution: With Selections from his Correspondence by his grandson, William Alexander Duer, LL.D. 1847. *(Out of Print.)*

III. The Provincial Courts of New Jersey, with Sketches of the Bench and Bar. *By Richard S. Field,* 1849. *(Out of Print.)*

IV. The Papers of Lewis Morris, Governor of the Province of New Jersey, from 1738 to 1746. 1852.

V. An Analytical Index to the Colonial Documents of New Jersey in the State Paper Offices of England. *Compiled by Henry Stevens. Edited by William A. Whitehead,* 1858.

VI. Records of the Town of Newark, New Jersey, from its Settlement in 1666, to its Incorporation as a City in 1836. 1864.
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VII. The Constitution and Government of the Province and State of New Jersey, with Biographical Sketches of the Governors from 1776 to 1845, and Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar, during more than Half a Century. *By Lucius Q. C. Elmer,* LL.D. 1872.

VIII. Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Founding of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, N. J., May 16, 1895.

IX. New Jersey Biographical and Genealogical Notes from the Volumes of the New Jersey Archives with Additions and Supplements. *By the late William Nelson.* 1916.

X. The Loyalists of New Jersey: Their Memorials, Petitions, Claims, etc. from English Records. *By E. Alfred Jones,* M.A., F.R.HIST. SOC. 1927.

XI. A Guide to the Manuscript Collection of The New Jersey Historical Society. *By Fred Shelley, Librarian.* 1957.

XII. Juet's Journal. The Voyage of the *Half Moon* from 4 April to 7 November 1609. *By Robert Juet. Introduction by John T. Cunningham. Edited by Robert M. Lunny.* 1959.

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